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OUTSIDE OF DELMONICO'S WINDOW.

YES, this is Delmonico's window,
I look in from the outside now,
No one could tell I once was a swell
And dined in there, I vow!

Yet there is my seat in that window,
And there's where I placed my hat.
A high silk tile; well! I have to smile—
To think of my wearing that!

And there is Henri my waiter,
With a trifle greyer head;
I haven't seen him for six long years;
I suppose he thinks I'm dead.

Well, so I am; dead to the world;
I'm forgotten, and buried, too—
Although, my friend with the long mustache,
I should think I'd remember you!

As you sit there and sip your cordial,
And puff at your cigarette,
Does your conscience ever trouble you now
On the score of a certain debt?

Yet you needn't trouble; I'd pass you
And cut you dead in the street—
By Jove! I'd do it this very night,
Or if ever we happen to meet.

If by chance my name should be mentioned,
You look quite sad and say:
"Yes, lost his money and went to the dogs,
Poor chap, in the usual way!"

You might add: "And the loss of his money
Puts him under a social ban."
Of all thankless things on the face of this earth
The most thankless thing is a man.

I've traveled a bit for my health
Since I made such a terrible smash,
When I plunged on those stocks in the street—
I was rich then, and careless and rash.

I have cowboy'd it, sailed it, tramped it—
I suppose I will tramp to the end—
But one thing, my man, I can say with pride:
I have never lived on a friend.

And to-night is the Patriarchs' ball!
I'd forgotten; I don't think I'll go—
I don't care to dance, and to tell the truth
They are getting awfully slow.

Ah! here they come now, and the music
In the ball-room is sounding again—
Ra, ta, ta—that's a waltz, an old one, "My Queen"—
Jove! it's cold standing here in the rain!

I'll join in that crowd near the railing,
There, over the grating, it's warm;
Just watch them come, in their furs and silks!
My costume's not strictly good form.

In these togs no one would know me—
Why, I set the style for that coat
With the silver clasps on the collar of fur,
That holds it close to the throat.

Did you ever! It's Perry Van Bibber,
He's looking remarkably well;
That astrakhan topper's a stunning fit;
Why, Perry's a howling swell!

There's a coachman I know—Mrs. Eaton's—
He looks like a bishop, at least—
Mrs. E.'s getting out—she forgets, in her dress,
That "enough is as good as a feast."

And there is Archibald Manning,
He's married, I'd wager on that,
And his wife brings him here when he longs for the club,
And he's wearing a two-year-old hat.

Now, I wonder, which one did he marry?
Was it Kate, or her cousin, Miss Low?
He was very attentive at Newport that year,
But Kate had the money, you know.

And here are the Joneses and Claytons,
And that coach with the great flaring crest—
I asked Mrs. T. where it came from one day,
And she said she had ordered the best.

If that isn't Miss Fraye-Smyth, the heiress!
Spelt with a hyphen and "e"—
She told me she'd marry none else but a lord,
One day at an afternoon tea.

Who's that helps her out of her carriage?
It's the Count with the slippery name—
Roscowitz, or Rowitz, or Towitz—
I wish her all joy just the same.

There's Terry, and Woodhull the artist.
He'd turn up his nose at a beer;
He's drinking champagne since his pictures have sold;
Well! things have turned out very queer!

I remember—Great Lord, do have mercy!
It is she,—as I'm living in sin!
How regal she looks in that opera cloak!
But her face is quite pale, almost thin.

By Heaven! she stopped for a moment,
Right there, near that bent awning post!
Looked me square in the face, with her lips all white,
As if she had seen a ghost!

I could scarce keep command of my features,
But by a strong effort of will
I laughed at my neighbor's ribald joke—
My God! do I love her still?

Ah! that night, long ago, in the Berkshires,
And that stroll down that graveled walk,
Hand in hand; such a picturesque, loving pair,
The pauses we filled, in our talk.

That letter I wrote! Did she get it?
If she did not—"Well, what's the row?
Have a care who you're shoving around, my man;
Don't be so familiar, here, now!"

"Ah! I beg pardon, officer!
I was waiting here for a friend,
And then—I'm going upstairs for a dance;
I am sure I've no wish to offend."

"Just take your hand from my shoulder!
I am going"—somewhere to think;
I'll have to hustle for some place to sleep,
And pick up the price of a drink.

JAMES BARNES.

THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER.

"I'LL blow great guns 'fore mornin', I reckon," said old weather-beaten Cale Branson to his daughter Bess, as he stepped in his hut and quickly closed the door and latched it after him, not preventing, however, a strong puff of the northeast gale from keeping him company and nearly extinguishing the tallow dip which served to dimly light the small apartment. Bess was standing near the fire-place, where a kettle bubbled and steamed, and the little table was laid for their evening meal.

"It's jist a-pipin' out o' the no'theast," he continued, taking his sou'wester from his grizzly head and shaking the snow and water from it, "an' a-snowin' an' a-blowin' like Uncle Mike was loose," and his keen eyes sparkled as though he anticipated something pleasant rather than the prospect of a terrible winter's storm. "'N' I 'low I'll hustle right down t' Jake's 'n' git him 'n' the boys ter come up arter supper, 'n' ef the tar holds out, ther mought be some fun afore mornin', eh, Bess?" and the burly old 'longshoreman gave vent to a diabolical chuckle of satisfaction, Bess joining in with a shrill little laugh, and she busily continued her household duties, humming a little tune with an abstracted air as her father disappeared in the darkness. A few more chunks of wood upon the fire, and she seated herself in the rocking-chair to await the old man's return.

An interesting picture she formed, with the singularly varied contents of the room for a background. In the corner stood a wardrobe—oaken, carved, polished, tall and imposing; out of place, one would think, in an old boatman's cabin, with dingy ceiling and unpapered walls; but there it was, and a once splendid sofa kept it company, upholstered with silk plush, and so soft that the great heavy-browed mastiff sleeping upon it sunk almost out of sight in its broad cushions. But the rich plush was faded and gray, though the piece of furniture was new and strong. And the mastiff, too,—one would have expected to find a setter or water-dog instead; but the brass collar on his neck told a tale. On it is engraved in large, bold letters: "John Minturn, London, 1790." Further around the room one might have seen many articles of ships' furniture—cups and flasks of metal, chairs strengthened with brass, and with "John Minturn" figured with brass-headed nails on the back; the rude mantel-shelf over the fire-place, edged with fine moulding and on it, among squids and reels and other fisherman's paraphernalia, a casket, curiously carved and inlaid and locked by a silver key. In short, this was the

cabin of a wrecker,—one of the fiends in human form who in years long past, before the era of the life-saving service, infested some of the more northerly portions of our Atlantic coast, and who, on wild, stormy winter nights, by building false beacon lights upon the sandy beaches in imitation of the light-houses known by all navigators of those waters, have lured many a noble vessel laden with valuable stores and precious lives upon the shoals to certain destruction, and by sacrificing the latter to the water god and appropriating the former to their own uses, these miscreants lived sumptuously, for the spars, timber and cargo of the vessels were oftentimes of enormous value.

Many other articles, quaint and curious, could be found in that old cabin, but the chair and its occupant were most interesting. The former was both quaint and curious, an immense rocker, broad and hospitable; on each of its heavy arms a lion's head was carved; it was substantially lined with dark leather, and across the back, in an arc of a circle, partly hidden by the head and abundant tresses of the girl, was worked "John Minturn," a sad reminder of another winter's night like this, when hoarse cries for aid were borne over the raging waters to her ears, and she, merciless and hard-hearted as any of the band of which her father was leader, went from the cabin hidden among the sand-dunes down to the surf-beaten shore and helped rifle the pockets and strip the bodies of the dead as they were swept ashore, stiffened by the icy waves, clinging to one another or to bits of wreckage from their ill-fated craft, the *John Minturn*. The jewels which sparkled in her tiny ears by the fitful blaze of the wood on the andirons she had plucked from the ears of the captain's wife. She had found her and her husband, he with one arm around her waist and the other thrust through a door from which a panel had been burst, clasp-ing both so tightly that not even the fury of the warring elements had availed to separate them, but rigid—rigid in death.

But Bess Branson was not thinking of that scene now. How pretty she was as she sat by the firelight in the great easy-chair! The tallow dip burned low. Her hands were folded in her lap—shapely and brown they were. Her head was tossed back upon the cushion and her oval face was set in relief against the dark brown locks which curled and twisted about her head like thousands of little serpents. Her face, too, was brown. "Brown Bess" the men of the band called her. A far-away, dreamy look had settled over her countenance. Her thoughts had flown away back to the previous summer when Tom Holden, a lad from over on the main, had sailed over the bay to her father's cabin and they had walked and talked together upon the quiet beach in the cool evening time, and the lad had taken her in his great, strong arms and kissed her, and had said, "Next winter, Bessy girl, 'bout Christmas, I'll be back to York, 'n' then we'll lay the ole three-master up fer repairs, 'n' I'll come down to the little cabin again 'n' take ye over to the main ter live wi' me." And Bess had demurred a little against leaving the dear old beach where in childhood's days she had toddled barefoot in the summer time on the crisp sand and made play-houses in the shade of the great beach hills or thrown shells at the white gulls that flew so close but never could be reached. Here, too, her mother used to be. She could just remember her. A lisping child she was when mother went away and never came back. "Lizabeth" she called her, but father shortened it to "Bess." And here she had grown from girl to woman. It was the only home she knew. But she had said little, for she was very happy, and Tom sailed away, for he was mate of the *Ariel*, a large merchantman. How long the months had been since then, and now Christmas was only two weeks away, and then Tom would come. The candle burned lower still. The fire snapped and the great dog raised his head. She bade him be quiet. He dozed off again, and again her thoughts spurned the narrow limits of the room in which she sat, and, bridging together the past and the

future, she saw her sailor returning to her, and saw the little church over in the village on the main, and she heard the solemn words of the venerable minister—but the mastiff growled, there were heavy steps at the door and her father entered.

She arose and prepared the supper as he hung his oil-skin coat and sou'wester upon the hook on the door and warmed himself by the replenished fire.

"I see'd Jake," said old Cale, "an' he 'lowed as how he'd fotch the boys up arter awhile; an' I'll ha' to hustle ther tar-bar'ls outen the shed like a gale o' wind. Lud a massy! how she is a-thumpin' head on the beach! You orter pipe 'long ter-night, gal, fer Sam Hotchkiss is laid up, an' we 're a han' short," and he seated himself at the table opposite his daughter as he spoke.

"All right, I'm willin'," said Bess, and the eyes before dreamy, now sparkled and snapped like her father's. She seized the earthen tea-urn with a firm, determined grasp, as though it had been a bag of bullion washed ashore from some treasure-ship. The old villain smiled approval across the table as he held up his cup. He knew his daughter's mettle.

A century ago, as to-day, vessels were ever passing and repassing those low, sandy coasts on their way to and from the port of New York, then rising into importance,—Spanish galleons, on roundabout trips to their American possessions; emigrant ships, few at that time, but increasing in number; merchantmen, and many others of all kinds. The difficulties and dangers attending navigation at the entrance to the bay were many, and as early as 1764, the government had erected a light-house upon the extreme northern point of Sandy Hook. On stormy winter nights its warning gleam was eagerly hailed by the captain of any vessel happening near, on its way to a harbor within the bay. At such a time a mistake of a few miles might easily be made in reckoning. This fact was frequently taken advantage of by wreckers, prowling along the storm-beaten beach in

hopes of prey, and the unfortunate captain, sighting the false beacon which they had lighted, and shaping his course by the lying light, would strand his ship upon the shoals, shifted hither and thither by every violent storm, and he and all his would fall victims to the demon of the tempest at the hands of the cowardly villains who had lured them on to death, and who were then waiting upon the shore in hopes the stout ship would succumb to the force of the angry waves and deliver her unwilling freight before the dawning day should drive them skulking to their huts, hidden among the rifts and hills.

Such as these were old Cale Branson's band, hard, unprincipled men, "stark" as England's king of old. The barren waste upon which they dwelt afforded them no sustenance. The sea and all that in it was, they regarded as their domain and legitimate prey. Their fathers had lived there before them, and dark tales they could tell of the scenes enacted in their boyhood. Common interest linked them together, and on that dark and stormy December night they all were upon the beach, old Cale and Jake Huddy, his chief abettor in his work, trimming and feeding the false beacon with careful hand, while the remainder and Brown Bess among them, clad in oil-skin coat and boots like the rest, were scattered in some booths adjacent, serving the double purpose of concealment and protection from the driving snow and sleet. The elements that dreary night were not half so pitiless as they. Bess had just come down. The others had long been waiting, peering through the storm with eager expectation. The girl was in a rude board hut apart from the rest. She looked out upon the rolling surf and involuntarily shuddered; not with cold, for she was warmly clad. Drawing back within the shelter of the rickety hut she listened to the wind. It howled and shrieked around the corners of her retreat as if exulting in someone's misery and grief, and then died away among the hills in a long, low wail of despair. Again it returned and howled anew its horrible song. She

turned from it and harkened to the waves. They were roaring and thundering mighty blows upon the gray sands when she came, but now they seemed to be moaning and chanting a sorrowful dirge, and the breakers seemed bursts of weeping, sending rivulets of tears rushing down to the bosom of the ocean as they issued from the darkness, broke upon the shore and swept back with resistless current from the shelving beach. Bess Branson, the wrecker's daughter, had crossed the bay to the main in a small boat in weather almost as bad, and she buttoned her coat around her, and with resolute step started for the fire and the rest of the company.

A hoarse shout from them hurried her on, straining her eyes in her efforts to pierce the gloom. Down to the water's edge she ran, and followed it along a few rods to the light and the group clustered near it. The hungry waves licked up her footprints as she went. A weird and awful scene waited her. Old Cale stood in the midst of his men, his tall form reaching up above the rest. The flames from the blazing tar-barrels, burning the light of death, shot far above them and cast a grayish light over their hard countenances. Their hungry eyes were fixed out on the deep, and Bess, following with her gaze old Cale's outstretched hand, discerned a ghostly, heaving form driving toward the angry breakers—a ship, and a huge three-master! She heard a crash, then a terrible crunching sound, and a wail of horror and despair came borne to her on the wings of the tempest. Her eyes were riveted in the direction of the sound. The false light had fulfilled its mission. She did not loiter, for she was a member of the band to-night, and she went to her father's side, but he was so occupied that he did not notice her. The beat of the storm was no longer felt. All were gazing intently at the dark form a furlong from the shore over which the breakers beat and foamed as if in league with the wreckers and impatient to complete the work of devastation.

A half-hour crawled by as she watched the surf with the rest. Suddenly she saw a dark object out upon the waters. It came nearer, and at last, tossed up from the hollow of a wave, poised an instant upon its crest. Then dashed down into the foam, it swept far up upon the beach, and the receding wave left upon the strand the first poor fellow to drop benumbed from the ice-coated rigging. He was only a sailor and had no money about him. Another followed and a third, and now they came rolling in faster, stark and frozen, everyone. Some bales and boxes now appeared. They elicited a grunt of satisfaction from the old man, for they showed that the vessel was going to pieces. The group of men quickly scattered to search the clothing of their victims and in quest of what the sea might disgorge, and Bess was left alone. Hither and yon they went greedily gathering the spoils which wind and sea in their deadly conflict had strewn along the shore. The chances were that the vessel would break up before morning, and they were endeavoring to secure a good share of the plunder under cover of the night. Busily, busily they worked, reaping the harvest of the whirlwind. But hark! A cry! They started as at a voice from the dead, and hastened to the left down to the very water's brink, Old Cale leading the way. Did he know the voice, or did the winds deceive him? Fear and apprehension lent wings to his feet, for he loved his daughter as the apple of his eye. Quickly they found her. She was seated on the damp beach, and a form was stretched by her, with his bedraggled locks pillowed on her breast, his sodden garments clinging to his stiffened body. She was wiping the brine from his white face, and moaning in a stifled voice, "O Tom, Tom, Tom!"

HARRY C. HAVENS.

SONG.

WE JOIN with all thy sons, and sing
A song, Fair Princeton ! unto thee.
Far shall the rising chorus ring,
For we're a mighty company.

Many have served the country well,
In place of highest honor stood,
Defending her, her bravest fell—
Types of their country's hardihood.

Some of thy sons have preached, some plead,
And some have moved in humbler sphere;
And for each living there are dead,
A score who held her memory dear.

Hark ! can you hear their voices swell
The "Old Nassau"—our melody ?
They sing to her we love so well,
And they're a mighty company.

May all thou hast been, prove to be
But dawning of thy future fame ;
May never stain dishonor thee,
To dim the lustre of thy name.

May men go forth from thee to save
A nation in its hour of need ;
Faithful and firm, and nobly brave,
Earnest in speech and strong in deed.

Go on in learning and in peace,
Thro' all the time that is to be,
And may our sons our song increase—
A grander, mightier company !

COURTLANDT PATERSON BUTLER.

AN ECHO FROM GERMAN MIST LAND.

THE artist had caught the distinguishing marks of each character as he depicted them in the faces before him. A contrast, striking but veracious, revealed itself on the canvas. It was the painting of Delaroche that vivified the

conceptions of the Greek and Teuton, existing hitherto as mere unformed creations of the mind's fancy. He makes the Grecian face as cold, as inanimate as marble; not a line of sympathetic tenderness, not a touch of inner feeling, everything betokening intellectual immalleability. Passive as it is, the face nevertheless possesses a supreme majesty; the features are perfect in their regularity. By the side of the Greek ideal, the artist has wrought his Teuton conceit, its companion-figure. The sun has burst from the clouds and lends its glory to the upturned face, aglow with impulse and joy. An aspiration heavenward is the uncontrollable passion. It is bounded only by the deep sense of undischarged obligation that furrows the anxious brow. The parted lips seem to our excited imagination to be uttering an ecstatic hymn, indicative of the soul-power within.

Thus has this modern painter penetrated the heart of Greek and Teuton and written in their own blood their individual characters. The story of their lives confirms his most antithetical suggestion; so, likewise, does their literature. If one is grand, the other is graceful; if one becomes thoughtful and severe, the other views the brighter side and takes courage. Nor could the one be transformed into the other. The Homer of Greek epic is too stately to become the unknown singer of German minstrelsy. He was never touched by the warm, pulsating spirit of a Teutonic bard. The Iliad might mass its heroes inimitable and fight its duel-battles amidst the laudations of onlooking hosts. It could never foster the courtesies, the loves and betrothals, which centre about mediaeval chivalry.

The "Nibelungenlied," noblest of German epics, sweetest of minstrel carols, has gathered in its expansive embrace tales of this very import and, with a simplicity and naturalness that charm the eager spectator, has bound them into a unity of purpose and wrought them into a profundity of feeling meet for a Homer's laurels. Theirs is the story of Teutonic life in its infancy. Mighty nations and populous cities were to them unformed and unexperienced, save as

they beheld them under Roman supremacy. A settled habitation could scarcely as yet be ascribed to the German races. But they knew and acknowledged kings and rulers possessed of surpassing powers. In these environments as created and tempered by primeval rudeness the lays of the Nibelungen found expression. Unconnected, unpolished, known only as sung by mouth and retained in the memory, the heritage of centuries, these separate tales were at last united by an unremembered poet of the thirteenth century. He possessed nothing more than tradition and myth for his materials. Preceding German poetry could teach him nothing or afford him any inspiration. His inborn conscious genius became his tutor. When his task was completed and the last lay sung he gave to the world an epic of exquisite beauty and harmony, delicate in affection, rich in varying picture; and though his name has perished forever from the earth and the place he dwelt in eludes so vexingly all promising attempts to find it, he has gone beyond the asking, and "only the voice he uttered, in virtue of its inspired gift, yet lives and will live." Let us call him a true singer and we have paid him the highest tribute. Let us make his production worthy of compare with Greece's masterpiece and we have said enough.

A maiden of excelling beauty centres about herself the thrilling story. She dreams; and in her fancy-stirring vision, she sees two eagles swoop from the skies and seize a falcon that she has cherished long. The interpretation is ill-omened; and, lo! from the Netherlandic country comes her captive and conqueror. Rumors of fair Kriemhild's glory had enticed the invincible Siegfried to Burgundia. And now full many months came and went, saw the warrior go forth to battle for King Gunther, his pretended liege, inspired his valorous conduct as his flashing sword sought the lovely guerdon; before he once beheld the heroine to whom unseen he had already devoted his life. When the meeting came, a spell enveloped both. The mutual glance sealed the betrothal pledge unwhispered.

But Siegfried must first assist Gunther in wooing Queen Brunhild, mistress of territories beyond the seas, and then could the marriage vow be performed. Dark, stalwart Brunhild was a warrior of world-renown, and would yield to a master only when he could surpass her feats of strength. Clad in his mantle that rendered him invisible, and bearing the marvelous sword which his might had wrested from the "Nibelungen," Siegfried battled for his king and overcame. The return, the salutations of the heroines, the jealous feeling, the double marriage, are celebrated by the poet with great vivacity.

Then went Siegfried and his queen back to the Netherlands, ruling thereafter ten years in unbroken happiness, at the end of which they visited Worms again upon royal invitation. The old jealousy was renewed. Each royal mistress insisted upon entering the Cathedral first. A struggle that was to end in dire catastrophe followed, till Hagen, the king's most trusty counselor, conspired with Brunhild for the destruction of their common antagonist, Siegfried. Kriemhild saw not the traitor's deception, and revealed the vulnerable spot on Siegfried's back, where the linden-leaf had lain.

A ruthless scheme is concocted and the event is inevitable. A hunt was ordered at Hagen's instigation, in which the unsuspecting Siegfried heartily joined. The treachery of the bloody counselor culminated, and the valiant Siegfried lay writhing in his life-blood by the spring where he had just quenched his thirst. At the court confusion and weeping possessed the household. The widowed Kriemhild now owned a single purpose, revenge—implacable, stern, unrelenting. Her joy and life had passed away, and so for the story, too. Its hero is dead, its vitality vanished; there is naught to attract save the same avengeful fury, whose fascination in its lightest mood is grim and impenetrable.

But the tale advances. Love's inspiration has disappeared. King Attila, of Hungary, attracted by reports of Kriemhild's revived loveliness, made suit for her hand. Count Rudeger

carried the message and pressed his solicitations upon her, alluding to a possible opportunity for accomplishing her revenge. She consented against the counsels of Hagen, and was installed Queen of the Huns with mighty pomp and ceremony. Thirteen years passed away. Her fame spread to foreign lands, her power increased continually, but the dream of vengeance haunted her still. With her purpose formed, she invites the Court of Burgundy, now called "Niblung," to a high festival. Persuasive Hagen could not prevent the acceptance, and the courtly retinue departed. The author depicts the preparations, the protracted march, the hospitalities of faithful Rudeger, with a vividness and detail that intimate close familiarity with his subject.

Arrived at the capital of the Huns they were cordially welcomed, not a portent of the doom and woe soon to be visited was manifest. But Hagen's watchful eye perceived the gathering storm, and with a prescient monition to his comrades he donned his armor complete. The royal feast had scarcely begun when a signal from Kriemhild let loose the pent-up fury. Murder was rife. Carnage, fire and intolerable din prevailed the livelong night till, in the morning, none remained of the Nibelungen save Gunther and Hagen.

"Will Hagen reveal the treasure's hiding place?" asked Kriemhild of the king's counselor.

"Not while Gunther lives"—and Gunther dies forthwith.

The answering words of Hagen reveal his stern stubbornness:

"So, now, where lies the treasure, none knows save God and me,
And told shall it be never, be sure, she-fiend! to thee."

His life goes out with a stroke from Kriemhild's sword, and she falls herself pierced by the retribution-bringing weapon of old Hildebrand.

We read the closing lines, and feel a restful calm enveloping us. An exhausting strain has possessed our faculties as horror succeeds horror, and cruelties are heaped upon

lectures, with scarcely a suggestion of the finer instincts, in man; as fleeting panorama pass before our vision, revealing now the mangled corpses of valiant heroes, and anon the inexorable champion beset with angry combatants, but masterful in directing. The scene is chaotic, yet our gaze is riveted and swerves not. We have singled out the central figure, and have read his character.

And yonder look now. He stands there in no borrowed majesty or false accoutrement, gigantic, unbending, matchless. Indifference to fate, stern contempt for cowardice have enthroned themselves on his brow. A dark, unimpressionable face is his. Hard lines that utter silently the secret cruel deeds of war or treachery course their dark way across this loveless countenance. They speak of jealous intent, revenge to be enacted. We seem to see engraved in them fierce hatred towards Siegfried and his marvelous might, deceit and violence that robbed chivalric knight-hood of its choicest flower, and, paramount to all, because unknown to all, a patent deliberate violation of the inflexible law which made the stranger's room his castle, and prescribed a gracious courtesy to the guest. Was Hagen revengeful? The annals of all Teutonic memories, the fancies of her most imaginative bard could discover to him no peer. Yet we cannot dismiss him with not a word of pardon or commendation. Hagen was grim and uncompromising, but he was faithful. You might have seen a blush of shame steal over his face at the mere suggestion of violated fidelity. Sooner would he have opposed, defenceless and alone, the overweening hosts or plunged his dagger into a proud, cold heart than stain his honor with a broken vow or prove himself untrue to his master's trust. A homely picture he seems, as pleads for the life of King Gunther, but the picture takes a deeper tinge when he declares that his liege's fate shall be his own, though death itself be the issue. Finer than the liberality of a true Teutonic lord, nobler even than gratitude itself, is this fidelity. Like the sun-lit ray that pierces the riven clouds

to illumine for the moment earth's darkened face, and then is hid again behind the massing drifts, so does this single brighter beam of faithfulness flash for an instant among his darker traits and quickly disappear. We measure his soul by the intensity of his devotion; all other estimates are insufficient.

But now we withdraw our eyes from the stern grandeur of Hagen. We step not at the tenderness of Siegfried, a tenderness that often swelled into courage transcendent. We cannot linger to count the virtues of his beautiful queen. Her innocent grace and unwavering love relieve immeasurably the formality of courtly elegance. In one of the lesser feudal offices, surrounded with little to betoken power, but breathed on by the living breath of nobility, is the grandest hero of all. A little here and there is given us of his life, side-glances they seem amidst the tournament's clash or the battle's roar. But in it all Margrave Rudeger knows no change. A depth of sensibility not reached before he discloses. His soul is the seat of passion that limits not itself by the valorous deeds of war. Truly patriotic, loyal by instinct, he merges these narrower feelings into a world-love knowing not the bounds of kindred, race or friendship, begotten and cherished by benevolence and magnanimity.

He is the glory of the Nibelungen Lied. The whole story leads gradually up to the battle scene just before the end. It is here that Rudeger's spirit meets its supreme test and signal triumph. He hesitates. It does not indicate, however, a halting between good and evil, a question of expediency or righteousness. With such an alternative his decision would be immediate and final. But he sees on one side, in clearest outline, his duty to a generous sovereign; on the other, he feels the sense of obligation towards his guests and faithful friends. The struggle is intense, but fidelity conquers. We can almost hear the tearful voice as it utters:

"I'd fain have been your comrade; your foe I now must be;
We once were friends together; now from that bond I'm free."

Noble Rudeger, teaching ages yet unborn the lesson of self-forgetfulness, we cannot read his words without being conscious that his chivalric heart has leaped across the centuries that intervened between his time and ours, and united Teutonic and Christian characters in a grand and simple harmony.

The last act of his is the life's crowning halo. It is eloquent, it is pathetic. Could unrelenting Hagen cry for mercy and receive it? Even so it is. The shattered shield, the piteous complaint of the veteran might plead in vain with others. To Count Rudeger they become the expression of his generous love. We can perceive the true character of the man when, in the moment of Hagen's desperation, Rudeger exclaims, thrusting his shield into the old soldier's hand:

"Take mine, take mine, O Hagen, and carry it in your hand;
Would that thou mightst bear it home to the Nibelung land!"

And, realizing the full significance of the gift, the veteran makes answer with a gratitude that we have not yet seen in him:

"Now, God in heaven, good Rudeger, thy recompenser be!
Your like on earth, I'm certain, we never more shall see,
Who gifts so good and gorgeous to homeless wanderers give,
May God protect your virtue that it may ever live!

"Now for thy gift I'll quit thee, right noble Rudeger;
Whate'er may chance between thee and my bold comrades here,
My hand shall touch thee never amidst the heady fight,
Not e'en if thou shouldst slaughter every Burgundian knight."

And when the Margrave falls, pierced by a friendly sword, the pathos of the whole epic seems to gather in his death. His foes and friends alike desist from the carnage to pass a eulogy upon the faithful, generous hero. With him the light of the story goes out. Hereafter all is black-

ness and misery, till, in the utter annihilation of the brave supporters of Hagen, the poet pronounces the simple epilogue, "This is the Nibelunger's Fall."

German legendry possesses in Rudeger a prince who finds no equal in Greek mythology or epic, of whom the hardened Roman could conceive no counterpart, whose death has been denominated the "most touching episode in heroic poetry." Let the Iliad glory in her matchless Achilles, or vaunt before all climes and ages her proud Hector; let the Latin name be enriched with an *Æneas'* piety or graced by her Horatian songs. We read of them all with delight. But when the generous Rudeger is once revealed, the deeper nature of our human heart is stirred by a passion unknown from any before. A moral sensibility, a sweep of life in its grandeur and simplicity, a faith and faithfulness pervade and dominate this Teutonic character, and the other emotions which ancient verses idealized sink slowly into comparative forgetfulness. We look and recognize the change and are satisfied that truth has justified itself.

JAMES HENRY DUNHAM.

DEPROME MERUM.

H O, Servis, bring me wine!
 Not such as Horace, laurel-crowned,
 Sipped to the clinking goblet's sound,
 Until the old Falernian fire
 Burned in the music of his lyre;
 Not such as monks, in cloisters dim,
 Quaff from the beaker's even brim,
 Praising the virgin's tender grace
 With pious chant and ruddy face;
 Not that which sparkles in the glass
 When Youth and Beauty meet to pass
 The gilded hours, and banish sighs
 By reading love in dancing eyes.
 Let those who will extol the vine
 Of Tagus, Rhone or sunny Rhine,
 Or sing the praises of Tokay,—
 I care not; let them have their way.

Bring me the wine of human thought,
The glowing draught Euterpe brought,
Filled with a sweet intoxication
For Sappho, pouring her libation
To Aphrodite; or the bowl
With which kind Thalia cheers the soul,
In grinning masque and buskins rude.
Or banish verse with changing mood,
And far removed from lute and song,
Give me to drink deep draughts and long,
From that same cup which stirred the soul
Of Plato and the stately roll
Of star-eyed thinkers in his train;
Or let me drink and fire the brain
With visions of the world's wide stage,
Where, plunged in battle-smoke, engage
Fierce hosts, inspired to shed the glory
Of martial deeds on human story.
Such be my cheer! Choose what you please;
But as for me, with wines like these,
I'll envy not the Olympian band
Their crystal cups from Hebe's hand.
Ho, Servis, bring me wine!

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

JIM WEST'S "HOE-DOWN."

JOHNSON and I had been riding since sun-down over one of the unfrequented roads in a sparsely settled section of the Old Dominion. The night above was beautiful, but round about, things were growing a little gloomy and lonesome. The woods road was dark and crooked. Now and then elfin shapes and weird forms flitted in the moonlight and vanished in the funereal gloom of the cypress boughs.

I told Johnson I didn't know whether we ought to go down to Jim West's country dance or not. But the old fellow insisted on it, so I supposed it was because we were successful in recovering damages from the county for draining that ditch on him.

He certainly was, in his characteristic phrase, "a qu'ar ol' thing" when he came into the office and asked me and my "pardner" out to his "Chris'mas hoe-down."

"He reminded me of some of Dickens' absurdest characters brought to life," Johnson had said.

His limbs were hitched together and dangled with the awkwardness of a loosely articulated skeleton. His height was so enormous and his girth so small, that one almost instinctively gave up the idea of estimating their dimensions. And his merry little eyes twinkled like the stars.

So on we rode till we came to a group of rustics, of whom we asked, "How far is it to Jim West's?"

"Hol' on yer. Ye got anything erboard, an' we 'll tell ye."

We assured the crowd that we had nothing stronger than cigars, but we would supply them with *them*, as far as we could, if they would put us on the right road. Receiving directions to "keep a bearing to the right," we drove off. Johnson was sorry we had given away the fact that we were going to Jim's, as they might waylay us or do us some mischief; but nothing happened.

It was full nine o'clock when we reached a little, low house by the roadside, snugly settled in a dense pine thicket. Fiddle notes, wild hurrahs, merry laughter and sounds of shuffling feet convinced us we had made no mistake, and this was Jim's "place."

The old forester spied us before we got in the house, and gave us a brusque but hearty welcome. He assured us "he'd take good care on us an' wouldn' let nobody cut our traces or take the taps off the carriage wheels." I asked him if that was the usual way they had of treating strangers out here, and if he didn't think it a little inhospitable.

"Some on em don' like vis'tors much, but there ain' no danger if ye don' try to take a feller's girl away from 'im," replied Jim.

Johnson and I took notes.

Jim led the way into the house and heralded our arrival with thunderous voice. The fiddling stopped, the enjoyers of the maze were awe-stricken, and hasty whisperings of "strangers" (local synonym for "enemies") passed from one to another.

In one corner of the room by the side of a great wood fire sat the three musical savans. The leader was a product that could scarcely be grown in any other locality. His Falstaffian fatness, great bandanna, buff waiscoat, fustian trousers and wide smile, proclaimed the tropic luxuriance of his nature. In the corner opposite was a scene illustrating the beautiful devotion of a mother to her babe. But, as Johnson said, that form of *decoletté* was a little novel at a dance.

Things looked blue when we entered.

Jim said I was to "take a turn" with "Miss Cheatem, the Flower of the Forest," while Miss Jinkum's gallant swain was persuaded to give way to Johnson. All eyes were upon us. Terrible was the weight of responsibility as we stood there waiting for the music to strike up. I wanted to talk but didn't know exactly what to say, and besides at The Flower's elbow stood her faithful admirer, a ready listener to my every word. I asked her if she could waltz. She replied with charming *naïveté*, she "couldn't waltz herself but she'd heard tell of the waltz. She could dance a lancer, though." I heard Johnson talking about skating. I caught the clue and was soon involved in the labyrinths of that interesting topic. In the course of conversation, I learned that The Flower could "skeet," swim, ride a horse and milk a cow. At length, the fat fiddler interrupted:

"What d'ye wan' us to play?"

"Oh, anything, anything," responded Johnson.

With great pomposity, and possibly a desire to convince us of his accomplishments, the fiddler insisted. But from ignorance or fear of naming something not found in his repertoire, we refused to give any preference. Soon feet

began to pat and voices to hum as the fiddles squeaked out the tune of

"Buck-eyed rabbit-(swing)-um-de-do-de-do-di-o."

With the agitation, the fragrance of The Flower's charms came forth with more ease and naturalness. She no longer regarded me with the shyness of a hare from a brush heap, but with her plump hands caught me by the arms at every swing, and smiled and blushed behind her curls. But remembering the notes we had taken, I maintained a Spartan resistance.

The romp lasted more than an hour. Figure after figure was repeated. John Jones took off his coat. Bill Dick said he was "feelin' Chris'mus." What the dance was, I don't know; one thing I'm sure, it's not taught by a dancing master. Johnson said it was a medley of Virginia reel, quadrille and lancers to a jig step. I don't think we gained much additional éclat from the dancing. We didn't kick high enough, and were hardly careless enough in the swing. When it was over I breathed again. We were asked for some "fancy town steps." Johnson suggested we show 'em "Dancing in the Barn;" but we were afraid an encircling arm might offend some of their devotees. Prudence constrained us, therefore, to be conventional. Then they called for John Jones—that rough with the Raphael face—to pat and for Jim to jig. The fiddlers, with great zest, sawed out—

"Bumble-bee, bumble—."

This inimitable performance was concluded by Jim's jumping several feet in the air and coming down with a force that, to the great horror of his old woman, brought last fall's whole crop of sausage to the floor with him.

It was quite late when Jim's angularity again paraded itself before us, and he asked us to "come out to the kitchen an' git somethin' good." Leaning against barrels or sitting on tubs, we ate apples and drank hard cider. Johnson

thought Jim got full; certain it was, he was more affectionate after the repast.

A rising sun had already shaken out his golden arrows of light when we bade adieu and started for the carriage.

At the parting, slyly, as she thought, the Forest Flower pinned a pine twig on my lapel, which I was surprised to find missing on my way home. Johnson explained that the Flower's innamorato committed the petit larceny. He laughingly said I'd better indict him for it.

Jim said he was glad we came, and "hated for us to go. In course these are none o' yer fancy flings like the hoe-downs ye town fellers has, an' I don' speck ye ben used to these things, but I hopes ye had er good time."

We assured him we had. Then, after being asked to the next Christmas hoe-down, "just over the creek," and on our part, expressing our appreciation of our host's kindness, we took our leave.

HARRY FRANKLIN COVINGTON.

ONE LOVE.

SILENT and still, in slumber wrapped,
A blue-eyed baby lies,
While o'er the cradle fondly bend
A mother's loving eyes.

The hours creep past, the night wanes on,
But still she keeps her place,
Dreaming of what the years will bring
To that untroubled face.

Day after day, month after month,
Till months grew into years,
He was the object of her hopes,
Her tenderness and tears.

And when at last the lamp of life
Was burning low and dim,
Though Death's dark form was standing near,
She only thought of him.

JOHN G. WILSON.

SOME OLD NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

ON A stormy day in vacation, I happened to be staying at an old New England country house, which has sheltered under its ample roof some four or five generations of the same family.

Every room is a history in itself—here are furniture and pictures of all styles for the last century and a half. But more interesting than all the rest is the old oak library, which contains some books brought over in the Mayflower, and here, by a glowing fire, I spent the day, for the unpleasant weather had put an end to all our outdoor sports.

While ransacking the cases of rare old books, I came upon a pile of yellow and musty papers, which, upon examination, I found to be newspapers of dates varying from a hundred to a hundred and sixty years ago.

These old relics give quite a clear idea of the press of New England in colonial days and in the times of early independence. It is interesting to note the changes which have taken place in the matter published, while the advertising columns are curiosities. The oldest papers in the collection were copies of the *New England Weekly Journal*, published in Boston in 1727. A single sheet, eight by twelve inches, printed in two columns.

The front page is usually taken up with the official proclamations, addresses, etc., of the British deputies. As, for instance, the declaration in council of the new Governor, emphasizing the obligation of the colony to the Crown, and the answer of the council, thanking His Excellency for his kind declaration, and gratefully acknowledging His Majesty's wisdom in his selection for the office of Governor. In another column we find the news of London (from two to five months old), giving the doings of royalty and the nobility. One item states that some noted Bostonians had "had the distinguished honor to kiss their Majesty's hands."

After a few local items, one of which gives the burial list in the town of Boston, for the week, as five whites and one black, come a number of advertisements like the following:

"A very likely Negro girl about 13 or 14 years of age, speaks good English, has been in the country some years, to be sold. Inquire of printer hereof."

Under "Books Just Published" are such titles as "The Nature and Necessity of Repentance with the Means and Motives to it, a Discourse occasioned by the recent Earthquake."

In another copy of about the same date is the following request for poetical contributions:

"If any ingenious gentlemen are disposed to contribute toward the erecting a poetical monument for the honour of this country by their composures, they are desired to convey them to the publisher of this paper, by whom they shall be received with candour and thankfulness."

In a paper of the same year, the entire front page is devoted to a description of the funeral of the late King George I, who had died four months previous.

After the declaration of independence, the press assumed an entirely new tone. The official publication of British rule gave place to matters of home government. The King of England is no longer referred to as "Our Most Gracious Sovereign," but "His Britannic Majesty." European notes are few, and instead of them we find correspondence from various New England towns, from New York and Philadelphia. Anecdotes now appear, which, though published in most Puritanical New England, would in our day be considered decidedly off-color. Later, when the war had closed, the papers became larger—a folded sheet, about half as large as one of our modern dailies, with three columns. Every issue is largely devoted to the doings of Congress, proclamations of the President, George Washington, or of

the Governor of the State. The Thanksgiving proclamations frequently cover two columns.

The letters from the West are full of interesting accounts of pioneer life and of encounters with the savages. One letter from Pittsburg, dated March 26th, 1790, says :

"We have received an account that several families, to the amount of twelve persons, have been killed by a party of Indians, about twenty miles from this place, up the Allegheny, on the west side."

An extract from a letter from Greensburgh, Westmoreland county, reads :

"The Indians to their late depredations in the settlement at Muskingum, have lately added the butchery of thirteen and the capture of a number of persons, besides a few mules from this place. This last attack has struck a dread and caused a general alarm in this settlement which was rapidly increasing. Every inhabitant of these parts on the news of these encounters has thought of nothing else than to escape from the cruelty of the savages, and with their families have universally abandoned their farms and fled for safety to the Monongahela."

News from Winchester, Va., states that :

"The Savages in the neighborhood of Kentucky are continually committing depredations, thirty-three settlers having been killed within the last month ; four men were killed in the Wilderness about the 14th, by a party of Indians ; the barbarians left their war clubs on the spot where they committed the horrible massacre."

An instance of the severity of punishment in New England, at that time, is shown in this paragraph :

"This day between twelve and four, Edward Brown and John Burly are to be executed, pursuant to their sentence, for the crime of Burglary."

A number of copies of the *Connecticut Journal*, published in New Haven in 1790-91, are full of articles of interest. A letter from an American in England says :

"I am sorry to say that the people of this country seem still unfriendly to the Americans, and that the news printers cannot be prevailed on to copy anything from your papers. The insertion of Gen. Washington's speech to the second meeting of Congress cost the Americans here £25 sterling."

A letter from Paris quotes from the Elder Mirabeau, speaking of the American Congress, as follows:

"I cannot but admire that those whom we once esteemed a rude and barbarous people have already set an example to the old world in the intricate science of government."

The King of Spain's proclamation denounces vengeance on those who dare to bring within his territories a printed paper.

An account of the treaty of peace between Geo. Washington, President of the United States, on behalf of the people, and the Kings, Chiefs and Warriors of the Creek Nation of Indians, closes with:

"The President then signed the treaty, after which he presented a string of beads as a token of perpetual peace, and a paper of tobacco to smoke in remembrance of it. This was succeeded by the shake of peace, Every one of the Creeks passing this friendly salute with the President. A song of peace performed by the Creeks concluded this solemn and dignified transaction."

After the war, advertising became very general. Every issue of the *Connecticut Journal* contains at least one and frequently several "ads," such as the following:

"This is to forbid all persons from trusting my husband Eliphalet, on my account. He is a worthless, idle fellow, and has abused me repeatedly."

"Runaway from subscriber, an apprentice lad by the name of Ebenezer Downs, about 17, fair complexion, light or rather yellow hair, and is extremely talkative. Any one who will apprehend and return said apprentice to his master shall receive a reward of seventeen cents. All persons are cautioned against harboring or concealing him, and all masters of vessels are forbid carrying him off."

"To be sold, for want of employ, a likely negro woman aged 21. For particulars, enquire of Printer."

There are, of course, many articles on the French and Indian wars and the war of the Revolution. These are not only curious; they are, in a sense, valuable, for with them as material, together with the Congressional articles, one might write a comparatively accurate history of America in one of the most interesting periods of its growth.

H. C. BUTLER.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

INCONGRUITIES.—It is a curious thing to notice the frequent incongruity between what men desire to be and what they are. A certain discontent makes them incline oftentimes to the very antipodes of their own profession or pursuit. Men such as Wolfe and Frederick the Great, could not possibly help themselves from becoming men of war, for Nature had moulded them in a heroic mould, but yet both had an intense craving for literature. Frederick, the stern disciplinarian, the man of action and force, wrote verses and sent them to Voltaire, who would have a hearty laugh over them, pitch them in the fire, and perhaps, on the morrow, send a criticism couched in superlative praise. Macaulay says of him, that before a certain critical battle, he went around with a bottle of poison in one pocket with which he intended to end life rather than be taken, and in the other, a pet poem. He *was* pre-eminently a "man of the world" in the broad sense. He *would be* a man of letters. His field was that of the *battle* and not *literature*. Discipline had made his heart too hard to respond to the divine afflatus. But the inconsistency of human wishes over-balanced fact and made a fool of him. Voltaire was equally as ridiculous when he nourished a *penchant* for writing political pamphlets and treatises on economics, in which he was about as proficient as was Frederick in versifying. The celebrated anecdote of Wolfe is familiar to all—how, before the capture of Quebec, he said he would sooner have written Gray's elegy than have the glory of taking the heights; how he sentimentalized on its great virtues; how he worshipped its every line, and ardently wished he could command such a pen rather than the forces under him. Gray, on the other hand, whose whole life was spent amongst books, longed for battle-fields

with the blare of trumpets and the roar of musketry. And strange as it may seem, Macready and Mrs. Siddons, two of the most thoroughly finished histrionic artists, that ever stirred the emotions of an English audience, both had an inexplicable hatred of the stage.—*Ralph Duffield Small.*

“UPON THE ROAD A COMIN' HOME AT NIGHT.”

Upon the road a comin' home at night
When work was done,—and I was tired and sore
But glad I didn't hev to work no more
That day,—there allays used to shine a light,
Which used to cheer me up, and aid my sight
To find the path up to the kitchen door—
Which, when 'twas open, there 'ould be a roar
Of children's voices, then a huggin' tight.

It's all so diff'rent now, from what 'twere then:
The hill is longer than it used to be
Before, although it is the self-same hill.
There ain't no noise; the kitchen 's lonely when
I come; there ain't no light to welcome me
Like when the lamp was on the window sill.

—*Jesse Lynch Williams.*

THE STORY OF THE ASPIRING LOVER.

(FROM THE ARABIC.)

Abou-ben-Cherifa was hopelessly in love with the daughter of the vizier. He had caught a glimpse of her through her lattice window, and her eyes, languid with kohl, had brightened into his. From that moment his peace of mind was destroyed, and his rest seriously interfered with.

The first night, he had repaired to the loved one's home, and taking his stand beneath her window, had awakened

the echoes of the night—and subsequently the watchdogs and inhabitants of the neighborhood—by pouring out his soul in mellifluous melody. He was arrested by the watch and locked up over night for drunk and disorderly, so his efforts in that direction were discouraged at the start.

However, Abou did not despair. What lover ever did? He wrote hundreds of sonnets and an indefinite number of odes to Zuleika's eyes, eyebrows and nose—which were the only portion of her physiognomy he had had the pleasure of beholding—and scattered them around the vizier's palace in such quantities that the servants gathered them up regularly every morning to start the fires with. The vizier had given orders that none should be left lying around, lest it should meet Zuleika's eyes. He seriously intended to have Abou bow-strung as soon as the Caliph returned from his out-of-town residence where he was spending the summer.

Unhappily Zuleika, already enamored of the passing stranger, had noticed the servants gathering up the pieces of paper, and, having the curiosity of her sex, stole forth early one morning and gathered a small crop herself. Imagine her delight, when she found her passion for Abou was returned a hundred fold. How to communicate with him was the next question. She had a maid servant sworn to secrecy. More said on this point would be superfluous.

* * * * *

The vizier Kara Osman Oglou, wisest of his line, sat on his divan cross-legged, complacently smoking his gem-adorned chibouque. Osman was very well up in the world, had a good revenue, a large and well-stocked harem, enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign, and so was well contented with life. True, he had been troubled somewhat by Abou's verse-writing, but that had ceased of late. At all events, the Caliph would return this very day, and the impudent versifier would be executed forthwith. In fact, Osman was even now awaiting the Caliph's arrival. The five hundred damsels of his harem were drawn up on either

side the room, kept in strict order by a number of eunuchs and several old duennas. Such an array of beauty would turn almost any man's head, but Osman was used to it, and puffed away like a volcano, never deigning them a glance. His under-officers of state, however, having less varied harems, were not so impervious, and much to the duennas' disgust, ogled the pretty creatures like the veriest flirts.

At last there was a stir in the outer apartment; instantly all eyes, save the vizier's, were demurely downcast and all heads lowered low before the approaching Caliph. So nobody saw Osman's look of astonishment and rage as two figures, instead of one, entered. It was not until an angry "Ollah!" burst from the vizier's lips that their eyes were raised. They beheld Abou and Zuleika advancing intrepidly upon the latter's father. He, poor man, after that first exclamation, sat too dazed to speak, while a suppressed titter ran through the crowd of giddy and appreciative females. The spell was broken very soon, however.

Old Osman snatched up his scimitar, and, calling to his guards, indulged in various oaths and imprecations, quite unfitted for the tender ears of Zuleika, not to speak of the harem. The guards rushed upon Abou and overpowered him in a trice.

"Bring him hither," commanded the vizier.

"Father," exclaimed Zuleika, "what would you do? He is my husband."

"Husband or no husband," replied her father, who was getting somewhat excited, "he dies right now, and don't let it escape you, and you will follow him in the near future. Bring him here. Now, you young ape, what mean you by this act? Thrice art thou worthy of death. Those execrable verses you persecuted me with some time since were enough alone to warrant it." And old Osman lifted his scimitar for the fatal stroke.

(Of course something must happen right here or the whole story would be spoiled. This is what happened.)

"Hold," commanded a voice from the door.

The vizier's arm dropped. The Caliph had entered unperceived, and was gazing on with interest.

"What have we here?" he continued. "Your daughter, Zuleika, and a handsome young stranger. What is your name, sir?"

"Abou ben-Cherifa, sire," answered Abou, bowing low.

"A goodly one, though lowered somewhat in the later years. Now, Osman, what's the matter?"

"That villain," replied the vizier, fairly choking with rage, "has persecuted me with verses, has betrayed my daughter, and has come here—come *here*, sire!"

"Remember, Osman, that you once loved, and not quite so honorably," at which reference the vizier winced and his harem winked. "Let these young people go. Young blood is warm, and we cannot blame it for a little indiscretion now and then. I make Abou my private secretary, a station fully equal to your own. Are you satisfied, Osman?"

"Your word is law, sire."

"Be it so, then. Meanwhile, let's have a little champagne dinner for this new son-in-law, and celebrate my home-coming as well."

The harem could restrain their enthusiasm no longer, but rushing upon Haroun, fairly smothered that benevolent man with kisses. A few kissed Abou by mistake, and those who could not get near a man kissed each other. The duennas raved and swore, but Haroun, with four or five of the damsels on his knee, told the duennas to take themselves off, and they retired in discomfiture.—*Burton Egbert Stevenson.*

COMFORT VERSUS FREEDOM: AN OBSERVATION.—We had gotten that afternoon as far down the bay as the first inlet, when some one suggested that we visit an old sleepy town lying, according to current rumor, a short distance inland.

A tack was made. The bow pointed for what we judged to be the customary landing place. The sheets were lowered and we stepped ashore. A banjo-case was the solitary occupant of the decaying structure known as "the dock." We looked around, of course, to find the owner, and saw him assisting some friends to alight from the one means of transport to the town beyond. As exploring parties usually do, we gathered together in an inquiring way, to consult as to the next venture.

"The town or not?" was the epigrammatic question put by our leader. Silence gave consent.

"How far away is the village?" he called out to the omnibus director.

"Mile or so; this stage goes there; only ten cents." It was a business opportunity, he perceived, for as a party we were numerous. "All right, who takes the coach?" He was answered by a rush for the rear entrance. But the omnibus could not carry all, and we could not wait for its return. So the less favored ones were compelled to resort to the usual mode of locomotion.

A half-hour's walk we made along the dusty, scorching road between boggy malarial fields, and still no signs of habitation were manifest. We felt like succumbing to an inevitable fate. But a turn in the road raised our hopes, for we saw before us no longer the zig-zag, "go-as-you-please" path, but a distinct pedestrian walk. Civilization was near. We hastened by the first few dwellings that guarded the entrance to the village street, aware of nothing save our haste to reach its populous section, when a sudden burst of laughter from one of the party caused us to slacken our speed. He was standing there gazing intently, with shaking sides, at a larger specimen of village house than we had yet encountered. Different from the ordinary style in architecture? No, but its obvious peculiarity was one that suggested a laughable reference. It might recall the pioneer days of American history when around their habitation they used to erect palisades of defense, those huge

stockades that might surround a modern "city." And if this peculiar device that evoked such witty remarks could not suggest attacks so virulent or enemies so powerful as those which early defenses resisted, it brought to our minds memories of invading hordes, of sleepless nights, of muttered groanings. In fact, the house was enveloped in a curtaining of network, which lent an air of retiredness and repose. It was comfort, yet not freedom. To sit the whole evening and gaze upon the expansive heavens, and in this luxurious oblivion to be unmolested by wandering corsair, is comfort indeed. But in this very situation the residents of that old town might wonder truly whether it were real freedom. We put the mooted question to our fellow travelers for settlement, but arrived at no satisfactory decision. A lingering hope for universal idealized activity was confronted by the real presence and sensible potency of the same willful antagonists. It took an hour's sail to rid us of our inclination to join the inhabitants of the village in their crusade against the ubiquitous scourge by an ingenious sacrifice of personal liberty.—*J. H. Dunham.*

THE QUEER COTTAGER.—There are so many events in human life of which we only see a portion, so many tragedies which are but partially represented upon the stage of our experience, leaving us blindly to guess what the residue of the plot may be. One character, perhaps, appears; we feel assured there must be others, but who they are and where they are, is far beyond our conjecture. We long to know the story of a man's life, but our eyes are dim, and they fail us altogether when we try to read the words, deep graven though they be upon his human heart. Thus, while our printing press is supplying the public with stories innumerable, there is a vaster number unwritten and unread, comedies and tragedies, dark, deep plots, fraught with

human destiny, and farces of life and of death, which sometimes are most sad of all, because they show what fools men are. But the mystery of all is too deep for us. Why should we endeavor to fathom it?

An old man, one spring day, not many years ago, came to a certain fishing-village along our eastern coast, and built a little cottage on the shore. He was tall and straight, and remarkably handsome, his features were clear cut, his hair long and very white. He was dressed in a frock-coat, which seemed to be of fine material, but bore the signs of age, and his hat was also somewhat out of date. His whole appearance however, and his manner, was that of a man who had passed his life in very genteel circles. During the construction of his strange little house, the fishermen had often told him that he was building too close to the sea, and pointed out the danger of his being endangered sometime, when the waves might dash too high, but he did not heed their warning and seemed to have no fear. Day by day he walked upon the sand, to and fro, and kept his eyes turned out to sea. Sometimes passers-by accosted him, but he paid little attention to what they said, and seldora spoke to any one save when on Monday mornings he walked to the village store and purchased a week's supply of simple food. Returning, he resumed his restless march, only stopping for a little time to appease his hunger. With the fading glimmer of the dying twilight, those who have watched him say, he always took a last long look over the ocean, and then entered his cottage with a sigh, and closed the door behind him. Another long day's watching was finished and he would rest till the twilight came again. Of course this strange character attracted much attention, and there were many conjectures as to who he might be, and what his purpose was in living there, and in walking by the sea. The fisher-folk cherished many wild imaginations with regard to him. No one could find his name. The postmaster waited with a becoming curiosity to read his address upon

an envelope, but no one ever wrote to him, and so the name remained a mystery.

As the summer weeks passed on, the strange old man began to stoop a little; his face grew thin, and his steps were a little slower than at first, but he never failed, in storm or calm, to walk the sea-shore every day.

The people grew afraid of him at last—none knew why, for no creature was ever less harmless than he—but the children did not like to pass his cottage in the dark, and even some of the old crones were fearful that his presence in their village was the cause of the sickness and death of some of the inhabitants.

Occasionally when a steamer came in view the mysterious old man would grow strangely excited, and beckon to it, and when the vessel failed to heed him, he turned away wringing his hands, and bearing on his handsome face an expression of unutterable woe. The summer went at last and autumn had come instead. He was growing very weak, for often now he stumbled in the sand and sometimes even fell, but still he watched in his pitiful loneliness for someone or something—he only knew.

One night the great sea rose along the coast in all its fury, and in the morning the queer little cottage was gone. We never could find out who the old man was, nor learn the story of the great sorrow which had so evidently deprived him of his reason. It is as well. Each heart knows its own bitterness. What does the busy world care? It might be curious enough to listen for a moment, but I fear it would not sympathize. Perhaps he was watching for some dear one who had sailed long since and never come again, some son who had wandered, and broken a father's heart, and perhaps—who can tell?—perhaps in the arms of the sea that dark night he was borne to the one for whom he had waited as he wearily walked on the sand.—
Courtlandt Patterson Butler.

THE SOUTHERNER IN COLLEGE.—Princeton has always had a strong hold on the South. In the ante-bellum days her sons flocked here in great numbers, and although for a few years after the war the attendance was greatly diminished, yet such rapid strides have been made in the last decade that there are now upwards of a hundred Southern men in college.

In a country of such wide area as the United States, it is a necessary consequence that people living in different sections of it should have different characteristics, and of no section is this more true than of the South. Very often—in college especially, where a man dresses according to his own sweet will, and not as in the outside world, according to the dictates of fashion—you can tell a Southerner merely by his appearance and general make-up, but if that sign fails, the first sentence he utters will betray his identity. His soft, pleasing accent, gained in part, at least, from the negro, his abhorrence of the letter “r” at the end of a word, his peculiar expressions and phrases make him a marked man. He talks about “fo” and “mo’” and “sco’,” “reckons” instead of supposing or guessing, “totes” or “packs” a bundle instead of carrying it, speaks of the evening instead of the afternoon, and says “kyar” and “keow” for car and cow.

More intimate acquaintance with him reveals the fact that not only is his speech different from that of his Northern brother, but also his ideas and traditions. He takes a pride in his native State such as people in other parts of the country know nothing about.

The only analogy to it in the North, as far as I know, is the regard Philadelphians entertain for their city. Men from Maryland, Virginia, Georgia or Kentucky, feel an affection for their State like that a child feels for its mother, and are ready to champion her cause on all occasions, in season and out of season. This is probably due to the doctrine of States’ rights, so prevalent in the South a genera-

tion ago, but however it came about, it is one of the marks of the Southerner. A Westerner boasts the immense progress of the West; an Eastern man is proud of the country as a whole; but take the Southerner back to "Ole Virginny" or "Maryland, My Maryland," and he will die happy.

Another characteristic of the Southerner, which strikes the observer, is his apparent shiftlessness. He does everything in a careless, lazy fashion which is perfectly tantalizing to the rapid, pushing Northerner, and yet, with all this, he somehow or other manages to do a good deal of work. He is never in a hurry, he always seems to be lounging about with nothing in particular to occupy his attention, and yet when the annual awarding of prizes takes place at commencement, he generally walks off with at least his share. His specialty is, and has been ever since Patrick Henry's impassioned words sounded the key-note of the Revolution, oratory. He is generally an easy, fluent speaker, and while at first he is not a match in debate for the more accurate thinking of men from the North, yet constant practice and facility of expression render him an adept at this also. As a rule, he does not care to mingle much with men beneath him in the social scale, and does not exhibit any great affection for the "masses," or any great respect for the "brotherhood of man." He has seen too much of the "po' white trash," and "crackers" at home for that. On the whole, he is a pleasant, easy-going fellow, proud of his State, proud of his family, very fond of the word "gentleman," capable of an immense amount of work in a haphazard kind of a way, with a great lack of system and order in his composition, and generally much amused at the ideas other people have of the fire-eating Southerner and the oppressed negro.—*John Glover Wilson.*

A GLIMPSE OF CANADIAN WINTER LIFE.

"Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow."

And a Canadian winter has set in.

Hear the crunching and creaking of the dry snow beneath your feet. Hear the tinkling of the sleigh-bells and the shout of the skaters and blanketed tobogganists.

The cold atmosphere is bracing and gives a new vigor to the life and an elasticity to the step of the Canadian. A ruddy glow comes to the maiden's cheek and a lustre to her eye. She dons a gaily-colored blanket suit, sets a pretty toque jauntily upon her head, and with skates in hand we start for the rink. Wherever we go, the public thoroughfares are ablaze with brightly-painted sleighs.

The rink is all splendor and activity. The older men on either side, enthusiastically engaged in their favorite sport of "curling," and the rink proper is thronged with a host of untiring skaters, ice-waltzing and doing the "long roll" with a grace that is not seen further south, across the border.

At last, we find that it is growing late. The ice is rapidly being abandoned. Hurry as we may, when tea is over, we see that the toboggan parties are already out, and when we reach them, down the artificial inclines we see a streak of something bright shoot by between the double rows of colored lanterns. An hour or two of this delicious excitement, an adjournment to a warm sitting-room, a few games before a blazing fire, something for the inner-man, an exchange of good-nights, and thus closes a Canadian winter day.

A skim across the bay in an ice-boat, a sleighing or snow-shoeing expedition over the country, or a fancy-dress carnival at the rink, are the events to which everybody looks forward with an additional pleasure. Is it any wonder that such a life, for four months of the year, between the clear heaven and the crisp snow, breathing the purest atmosphere, makes Canadian children the ruddiest, Canadian maidens the prettiest and Canadian youths the sprightliest in the world, and gives to old age such a youthful vigor as is not possessed by any other nation upon which the sun shines?
—*Kenneth Brown.*

EDITORIAL.

AT THIS stage in the college year it is due to our treasurer that we call the attention of our subscribers to any unpaid subscriptions. It has always been a college custom, revered by the many, accepted as inevitable by the few, that the payment of subscriptions to the college periodicals may be held in abeyance until the very last moment. Some cases justify this dilatoriness, but in the large majority of instances pure neglect or indifference is the cause of the delay. We place it thus strongly before our readers in order to emphasize what we are going to say. Every corporation or organization has obligations that must be met fully and promptly. In order to do so, the amounts outstanding to its credit must be paid in at the promised time. We feel that the LIT. has a right to ask its subscribers to cancel their indebtedness within a reasonable limit. That limit has about, if not quite, expired. We should like to settle all the contracts during this month and the early part of the next, as the present board has but a few more weeks in office. Our subscribers will confer a favor by making their settlements before the regular system of visitation is begun.

THE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY MEDAL.

THE LIT. prize medal for oratory will be awarded on Washington's Birthday for the best oration delivered on that occasion. The conditions of the contest have been announced already. None of the usual proceedings will be dispossessed of their former importance. But the very fact that a contest is to be entered upon ought to modify by a

few degrees the extreme exhibitions that have hitherto attended the speaking. If there has been one purpose more prominent than another in the establishment of this prize, it has been that the morning celebration of Washington's Birthday should receive the same dignified attention which is manifested in the Junior Orator Contest. We hope that the members of the lower classes will restrain their pretended virulence until the exercises shall have closed, in order that every opportunity may be offered to the speakers to acquit themselves with credit.

We should like to answer an objection that has been brought against the institution of this prize. It has been declared by some ready critics that the *LIT.* has transcended its office in trenching upon the oratorical. They maintain that the sphere of a magazine is purely and exclusively literary, and so cannot be extended to embrace oratory and kindred branches. In answer, we would say: First, that the province of literary writing is not mutually exclusive with that of oratory, that in attaining excellence in the latter a high degree of perfection is presupposed in the former. Secondly, we call the attention of our critics to the fact that although hitherto the *LIT.* has offered no prize for oratory, since the Halls so well provide for that, it has still declared its right to that province, by publishing the Maclean Prize and the Baird Prize Orations. We think these two considerations are sufficient to justify the action of the present board in offering the Washington's Birthday medal.

A WORD EX POST FACTO.

WE hesitate to open again a subject that has received so many severe overhauls during the past four weeks by our contemporary and by the students in general. One phase of the discussion has been untouched, upon which too much emphasis cannot be placed. The schedule for exam-

ination in a large university like Princeton is a difficult matter to arrange satisfactorily. We recognize at the outset the inherent vexations, and the many ingenious changes that are needed to make it complete. In most particulars the schedule for the last examination proved itself invulnerable to the usual attacks. It has laid itself open to reasonable criticism in one direction only, by placing on consecutive days some of the largest and hardest electives that are offered, and crowning them all by a difficult required subject.

One conspicuous instance of this arrangement exhibited itself. The Junior and Senior elective in Public Law was followed by that in History of Philosophy, placing thus on contiguous days electives having the largest representation. To this disposition was added an examination in Ethics for the Seniors and Psychology for the Juniors, precluding thus any relaxation for the student, unless he chose to forego Sunday study.

Of course with the recent division of the elective studies and the comparative unfamiliarity with their relative size and proportion, we cannot expect any ideal schedule for the upper classes. The error that has been pointed out, however, is of sufficient magnitude to warrant a suggestion as to its correction. It should be the aim of a schedule, if it cannot give equal advantage to every one, to bestow its benefits upon the largest number possible. Considering then that the subjects mentioned above have drawn so largely from both classes, and that their content has been delivered mainly in lectures, we are constrained to conclude that better work could have been done in all, had they been separated by a small interval, and that the extreme overweariness, manifested on every hand at their close, could thus in some measure have been avoided.

THE FELLOWSHIP SYSTEM IN ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

IT IS difficult matter for the American college student to understand precisely the nature and significance of a fellowship system unless he has had some acquaintance with American universities which present such advantages. Very few attempts have been made, so far, to institute an addition of this sort to the regular curriculum. Princeton and Johns Hopkins have been most successful. In their interpretation and employment of the word, a fellowship has come to signify an opportunity secured upon due competition to continue study under university supervision and with an established yearly remuneration. Within the last few years at Princeton a divergence has taken place, and the system has become bifurcate. The old requirement of competition has been retained in one branch and superseded in the other by the appointment method. The latter, on account of its more general character, has been titled "University," while the name "Collegiate" still clings to the former.

This distinction finds its counterpart in the English universities. At both Cambridge and Oxford there is a limited number of fellowships offered by the university government, to which usually graduates of any university holding the degree of Bachelor of Arts are eligible. The test here is examination, not past scholarship. Among the honors that a university can bestow, these occupy the foremost place. But the greatest interest centres around the fellowship system as it has been evolved in the colleges themselves. Each college has its own method. Each foundation, upon which the various fellowships of one college rest, has its own restrictions and requirements. Separated, as these foundations are in many cases by centuries, they necessarily exhibit an essential dissimilarity in their detailed provisions. Sometimes the founders were dukes or high lords in the realm. The fellowships mirrored

their exclusive tastes. Or a renowned bishop bestowed his patronage upon the college in the establishment of a fellowship. From him came the ecclesiastical notions that still cluster about these gifts. In this fashion, the fellowship system has become an exogenous and agglomerate growth, being influenced by the prevalent ideas of the days in which it took its additions, by the individual caprices of the founders, and also by the needs and characteristics of the college itself.

Notwithstanding so vast a variety of condition, the purpose in each has been the same. To offer a stimulus for extended study, ordinarily in special lines, to supplement the undergraduate course by a complete, well-rounded intellectual training, and lastly, to furnish the college with the means of concentrating in itself the products of its graduates' genius, is the content of this purpose. When we tabulate the results as they find illustration in the men who have held the position of Fellow, and in the labors that have engaged their attention therein, it becomes evident that the fundamental aims have been abundantly realized. And if the purposes of the different fellowships have been so nearly identical, the spirit of the system itself and of its operation has been one of harmony and progression. The fellowship system has fitted admirably its place. A link between the undergraduate "studentship" and the higher office of professor, it has served to unite the whole collegiate government inseparably. The chasm that so often breaks the intercourse of student and teacher has been adequately bridged over. We believe that herein the English university can claim superiority over the German, because the professors are not lifted to a plane far above the average scholars, to be approached only in the class-room or recitation colloquy, but by mutual communication are enabled to influence and mould the minds which come under their jurisdiction.

The conditions of the ordinary fellowship take form as follows: When the student has received his degree of

Bachelor of Arts, and has been a member of his college for a certain number of terms (varying from eight to twenty-eight), he is deemed eligible for candidacy. He then signifies his intention of undergoing the examination, which determines the fellowship. This examination is naturally one of the points at which the colleges have most differentiated. With some, the requisitions are very rigid, including a review of the entire academic studies; with others, a single examination is the sole test. The term of tenure in some colleges is for life, subject to the regulation that the fellow forfeits his position upon marriage, unless he concludes a special agreement. For example, in one of the Cambridge colleges it was granted to a student upon petition to continue the tenure of his fellowship for twelve years from date, with the permission of marriage in the interim. This is a rare exception.

The "Civil Law Fellowship" of University College, Oxford, supplies an example of another type. It combines distinct features of both college and university fellowships, being open to the entire university and tenable for seven years. Princeton has approximated this type most nearly in her Historical Fellowship, which is made tenable for three years, and is secured after the student has taken his B. A. degree. There is also a number of fellowships which had been instituted by the Anglican Church, and are, therefore, restricted in bestowal. In Jesus College, Cambridge, five of the sixteen foundation fellows must be "in Orders," and are appointed by the Bishop of Ely after nomination by the Master of the College. Of these the Bishop of Ely has the right both to nominate and appoint one.

During the last half century there has been a tendency in both universities to limit the term of tenure to all fellowships. The accepted term is usually seven years. This change has been brought about in the attempt to extend the privileges of university training to a large number of men. A considerable minority of the four hundred fellow-

ships in Cambridge, however, retain their old exclusive, aristocratic flavor. Besides this change in the time limit, a progressive and liberal spirit has been manifested in allowing other than "Her Majesty's subjects" to offer candidacy. It is expressly stated in some regulations that men of all nationalities may compete, while in others implicit consent is given. American universities have accepted this provision from the start, and have broadened their systems by allowing graduates of other universities to eligibility as applicants. What an immense part the English fellowship has to play in the university course, what immense significance attaches to its possession can be well viewed, first, in the rigorous competition preceding bestowal, and, secondly, in the direct results accruing from its proper use. We are gradually learning in our own universities that a single year's application to a particular department is insufficient to give the broad, expansive knowledge that the subject calls for. Time lends deeper interest, more abiding culture, and a firmer basis—three indispensables in the pursuit of higher learning.

PRINCETON'S SCHOLARSHIPS.

THE prototype of the scholarship as it is employed in Princeton is an accompaniment of the English fellowship, which we discussed just above. Each college possesses a large number of these gratuities. They have been founded at various times, much later than the foundations of the fellowships. In England they are usually competitive. A college becomes patron of a preparatory school, to use American terminology, extending to the students the opportunity of contesting for its scholarships. The successful competitors enter the college and are permitted to hold their endowments for five years. Various privileges accompany the holding. Room-rental is remitted; permission is granted to the scholar to sit at the table with the Fellows; the tuition fees are revoked. Moreover, a scholarship is

often a stepping-stone to the higher office of Fellow. Some of these essentials we have retained in a much modified form. The old distinctions of ceremony and custom are, of course, incompetent with us. The competitive idea has been discarded. A scholarship has come to mean simply a stimulus to study among collegiate branches. It is not a reward of merit; it is an adjunct of necessity. But when it lost the original conception, it by no means assumed an attribute derogatory of the student's worth or of his mental capacity. On the contrary, this latter element has become the basis upon which the scholarship's bestowal must be grounded. We take for granted the student's ability and let the scholarship prove the possibilities.

For many years the eminent value of a scholarship attachment to the university's endowment fund has been axiomatic. Students were enrolled under its compensation who otherwise might never have secured a college education. The general work of the holders has more than balanced the money invested. An intense eagerness for learning, coupled with a sense of responsibility arising from possession, has wrought a change that promises much for the future. The contingent of brilliant men has suffered no reduction, while the host of ordinary intellects has doubled and trebled its ranks. We ascribe the change in a small measure only to the influence of the scholarship. Yet we are warranted by many unquestionable illustrations in our conviction that the primary impulse lay in the tenure of a scholarship, because the holder finding himself on a secure basis, speaking financially, would be able to engross his attention in purely intellectual concerns, with his mind disengaged from everything distracting.

This important incident the Trustees must have recognized when in very recent years they appointed a committee conjointly with the Faculty to expand further the province of the scholarship by an augmentation of the fund to \$150,000, and thereby to gather under its benign influence an increasing number of students. The plan has worked well.

Scholarship after scholarship has been added, some as memorials by friends, some in the honor of distinguished patrons or alumni of the college, others as personal remembrances. We glory in the motives that prompted all these benefices, but most of all the last. When Princeton's sons and friends while living are willing to devote of their wealth to her prosperity, to offer a coveted opportunity for knowledge and culture to men who otherwise must abandon all hope of more extended learning, not a doubt or fear need distress us that in the hour of emergency they will ever fail in true, faithful assistance.

Our President is right when he emphasizes the urgent importance of scholarship endowment. He might, with full justification, consider this the most needy department just at present. Men are required who are competent and disposed to undertake the university work. In the interest of reasonable education and of the college itself, it is but justice that these men should be allowed to pursue their curriculum duties unhampered by the spectre of tuition fees and requisitions.

The one solvent has been found—a scholarship endowment, permanent in efficiency, universal in application. If it is to become Princeton's portion to lead American universities in this beneficent and wholesome enterprise; if the considerable beginnings already made are to be cherished by continued activity and perpetual accretion, the solvent proposed and tested must be made effective, not by promises or fair speeches, but by the one unqualified reality.

GOSSIP.

Come hither, gentle poller,
 And stand here by my knee,
 I have a question in my mind
 I fain would ask of thee—
 What mean these hasty gathering?
 What mean these sober looks?
 What mean these lights late burning,
 This searching after books?
 O tell me, gallant loafers,
 Ye men of sixth group stand!
 'Tis the cloud of examinations, sir,
 That's settled o'er the land.

—*Rejected MSS.*

A GAIN the waste-basket has helped me out. I write this in the midst of exams.—when I should be doing something else. Every man-Jack of us is a poller now, and we have a common bond of sympathy, and feel it deeply. There are the bona-fide pollers, and they are more popular than ever now, and you cultivate their acquaintance, get chummy with them, call them by their first names—"Edward" and "Alfred"—get all the information you can from them, buy it second-hand in syllabi—a dollar for twenty pages, right out of the text-book—and they enjoy it and sometimes smile.

Then there is the intermittent poller; he thinks he does a deal of hard work; he persuades himself at intervals that he studies too hard, and that he is in danger of breaking down under the strain. He loves to have some one say, "Take care, old man, you'll injure your health." Leave him alone, he won't hurt himself, except by smoking cigarettes. He will put his books aside and smoke and talk for hours, telling you how hard he is working, and then get up and go over to Dobson's with a sigh: he must have a little time off, you know, now and then. He is generally a "scientif," and seldom a special, but now he is nervous, and fears his memory must have gone back on him, therefore he burns the midnight oil.

There is the man "we all know," who does not say much about himself, but generally refers to the pollers with pity. He works on the sly, and works hard, but he usually "Hasn't looked at it," or "Just glanced at it," or "Don't know the first thing," &c. He comes out of the exam., and you ask in choice college vernacular, "How did *that* grab you, old fellow?" if you have done fairly well yourself, and feel happy. If you did not, you say, "How did *you* hit it?" and he replies, in an uncertain way, "Oh, I don't know; I think I got a condition." Never mind, he is

disappointed if he does not get a second group, and thinks the professors could not have looked at his paper thoroughly.

"The loafer!" We know him well, Horatio! But then there are degrees in loafing as well as polling. It is not true that the "loafer" is either worthless or lazy. The worthless "loafer" is soon found out, and picks his own place, or is put there, and the lazy "loafer" either braces up or gets out. Even the professors like the "loafer," if he is not tough, and here I must state that he does not always wear a corduroy suit. He either wears a shocking bad hat or a very good one—the latter when he is leaving town. He likes to wear his hands in his pockets, and owns one side of Nassau street.

There is the "loafer" who is very particular about his note-book—he only has one—and is disconsolate, poor chap, if he does not have it with him at lectures. When he has it he is not certain which end to begin at; at last he finds the place; a moment of suspense, then he borrows a lead-pencil, then a knife, and, having spent five minutes in putting a very fine point on the former, he draws a square; this he carefully fills in with neatly crossed lines, and, when it is reduced to the proper shade, he draws a triangle, and repeats the process. After this he falls back on designing monograms, but he listens, and you will find notes of vital points in the lecture scattered here and there.

Now he works too, and it is astonishing how much he has picked up in class that serves him in good stead; he passes his exams, sometimes with credit, to the surprise—we won't say dismay—of his instructor, and his conscience is free from any sense of guilt, for the loafer is not a "cribber," he is on the outside. When he leaves college, the "loafer" knows something, he has heard some parts that stick in his head, he knows that a dollar is one hundred cents, he is more self-reliant, he is able to judge men and things better, he has hosts of friends and a deep-rooted love for Old Nassau; he may have regrets, but then he is never stingy, smokes a great deal and may be a "special." When the "loafer" enters the world he may make a good business man, lawyer and citizen, but seldom a professor or a missionary.

There are many ways of entering our examination room, and more ways of leaving it. One chap enters smiling, he winks at one of the fellows in the front row, then he takes the desk furthest away; still smiling and happy, he looks at the paper; in an instant his eye picks out the questions he knows, those he is not sure about, and those he must leave out or guess at; good, solid advice is *don't guess*, you may prove conclusively that you don't know so very much about that former question you wrote so much on; you have more than five minutes, so don't get excited, nor, if you value your chances, try to decipher all the initials out in the seat; this takes time. Sometimes a fellow enters with a dazed look and an uncertain manner; he has been up all night, and now feels that it does not pay to drink strong coffee to keep awake; his brain may clear and everything go smoothly after his first glance at question No. 1, but if not,

I feel sorry for him. The fellow who cuts an exam. because he is not prepared even to try, deserves a "dunk," and gets it, which reminds me that there is still some coffee left, and I am not exactly sure about that formula Prof. ——— was so particular about.

I can tell by the increased gas pressure in the burners that many have "turned in," and will just look at that formula and the other one he mentioned and do likewise, and then to-morrow! and the anxious scrutiny of the mail for a week or so. The old adage about "Many a slip," &c., comes into one's mind, and also two more, "The ignorant are fearless" and "Procrastination is the thief of time." All are true, but have their drawbacks.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

" By misery unrepell'd, unawed
By pomp or power, thou seest a man
In prince or peasant—slave or lord—
Pale priest or swarthy artisan."

" All that hath been majestic
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel-heart of man."

" Through all disguise, form, place or name
Beneath the flaunting robe of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on the man within;
On man, as man, retaining yet
Howe'er debased, and soil'd and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set—
The immortal gift of God to him."

SOME call this "The Age of Pessimism," and certain it is there are many phases of life and thought to-day that are dark enough to drive the thinking man to the "Philosophy of Despair;" but the shadows do not lie upon everything, there are bright spots enough to keep the heart hopeful. One of the encouraging signs is the increasing respect which humanity receives. The world at last believes in all sincerity what Pope said with a sneer, "The proper study of mankind is man." Over and over again do we say with gay old Terence, who knew how to be serious now and then, "I am a man and I consider nothing human without interest to men." Theology is becoming more human, if we may apply such an adjective to it; at any rate the love of God to man is being more strongly emphasized and the individual is called upon to have more thought for his brother men, instead of devoting all his time to saving his own soul. History has demonstrated the continuity of the race and, no longer a mere story of wars and tyrants, has much to tell us of the life of the people. Abstract Political Economy, with its impossible "economic man" is at a discount, and the dominant school studies man as man and regards the production of wealth simply as a means to an end—and that end the well-being of society as a whole. "Brotherhood" is the word of the hour.

Art and letters have felt the impulse, too, but show its effect less plainly. For has not the human element ever been the secret of success of artist and writer? An artist may have all the *technique* in the world, he may even have a soaring imagination, but if he cannot interpret

humanity he will never be a master. What landscape painter is named with the "Immortals?" Think you that the critics who give the painting its place upon the line are the ones who measure its lasting worth? No, the real critics come and go in the gaping crowds. Only the human appeals to them. It is not the halo about the Heavenly Infant's head that marks the master-piece, it is the sweet, adoring face of the human mother. The power of the "Angelus" lies not in the exquisite sky effect, but in the human figures, the humble peasants, with heads bowed in the very human act of prayer. So, too, in literature. The great novel is the novel in which we see the man in bold relief. We don't like the heroes and heroines to be pictured as angels. We like human failings and human strivings, and we do not object to pathos if it has the ring of true sorrow. In poetry the power of the human element is, if anything, more manifest. The poet of nature may have perfect versification and may please for a day, but it is the poet who sings the thoughts of the human heart, that gives us the lines we cannot forget. "The good gray poet," Walt Whitman, is made almost a real poet by his overflowing sympathy with man. Longfellow said that "Every human heart is human," and because he never forgot it, the people love him. What do people read poetry for, after all? Are they not very often seeking expression for their own thoughts, their own joys and sorrows? Poetry is the voice of humanity.

Scribner's Magazine for February has a portrait of David Livingstone as a frontispiece. This accompanies a timely article "About Africa," by J. Scott Keltie. He reviews fifty years of African exploration, from Livingstone to Stanley. The work of each explorer is outlined and fairly estimated. The reader is assisted by a series of maps. The article is illustrated by portraits of great explorers and by drawings of relics shown at the African Exhibition in London. The problems of Africa are plainly stated, and we are given a clear view of the existing situation. Sir Edwin Arnold has another interesting "Japonica" paper. John Seymour Wood has a bright and sketchy, yet sympathetic, story of club life in New York. "The Point of View" has become a valuable department of this magazine. It discusses current problems in a spirited way.

The February *Outing* has two articles of special interest to college men. One is "Undergraduate Life at Oxford," by Charles Mellen, B. A., Brasenose College, Oxford. It is well illustrated and charmingly written, giving a good picture of college differing in many respects from ours. The other article is Walter Camp's review of the foot-ball season of 1890. As usual, Mr. Camp gives an exceedingly fair estimate of teams and games. In discussing the Princeton team he gives due credit to the team's hard work in the face of hard luck, and he says that "the never-weakening confidence displayed by the Princeton team and college in Captain Poe stands as a witness of his ability as a leader." This number

contains some verse called "A Foot-ball Idyl," and we quote a stanza, which will give some idea of its merit:

"She danced liked a Mermaid, she laughed, she sang:
Her cheeks flamed high with a Harvard flush,
And—this was the last and the sharpest pang—
She had fallen in love with the center rush."

Just now the *Century's* specialty is the Talleyrand Memoirs, and the February number offers a portrait of Talleyrand as a frontispiece. "The Georgia Cracker in the Cotton Mills" is a copiously illustrated study of a peculiar people. There are three more papers on pioneer days in California. Joel Chandler Harris is at his best in a pathetic story entitled "Balaam and His Master." "Sister Dolorosa" is concluded in a way that is startlingly original. We did not suppose that it would end with a marriage, but a death in the leper island of Molokai was beyond guessing. Edward Eggleston tries a new field in the "Faith Doctor," a story of New York city. There are always so many good things in the "Bric-à-Brac" that many people turn to it first. We quote a bit of verse by John Kendrick Bangs:

"I sent my verses to the maid who'd turned my head,
Which she acknowledged ere the waning of the moon.
'So much obliged to you, dear friend,' she wrote and said;
'And as to-morrow morn at ten I'm to be wed,
I'll read them to my husband on our honeymoon.'"

The *Atlantic Monthly* for February has a valuable contribution to epistolary literature in "Some Unpublished Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb." They give us a new and interesting view of "the gentle Elia." Professor Royce discusses another "Philosopher of the Paradoxical," in the person of Schopenhauer, and concludes his paper with a ringing passage of great beauty. Alice Morse Earle contributes "The New England Meeting-House," which furnishes much curious information. Theodore Roosevelt gives an "Object Lesson in Civil Service Reform," in which he shows the work of the National Civil Service Commission during last year. In the Contributors' Club a curious paper on "Longevity and Fame" suggests some new thoughts; among other things, it says: "Great as have been some men who died young, who knows how much greater they would have been had their lives been prolonged. Might not Marlowe have rivaled Shakespeare?"

Those who have seen and enjoyed Mr. Mansfield's presentation of "Beau Brummell," will take up with pleasure the complete novel which Clyde Fitch, the author of that play, contributes to the February *Lippincott's*. It pictures fashionable and literary people of New York, and is full of clever situations and bright dialogues. Mr. R. H. Stoddard is one of the most valued contributors to *Lippincott's*. The subject of his

paper this month is the poet-painter, Thomas Buchanan Read. Julien Gordon is the woman novelist of the hour. She contributes a paper on "Men's Women," a subject which she treats as one who knows. "Julien Gordon" also appears as the subject of a criticism by Robert Tinsol. We are quoting verse this month, so we choose this by C. W. Coleman, entitled "A Poet's Apology."

"My tongue hath oft-times stammered bashful-wise
In thy dear praise. I pray thee pardon me.
It strove to speak the language of thine eyes,
Which none may word but thee."

The *Cosmopolitan* for February has a word-picture of life in Russia, "Nikolai Palkin," by Count Tolstoi. With it are various portraits of the famous novelist. One of them, representing him at work with the plow, makes us realize more fully the man's creed of humility and service. Julien Gordon's latest story, "Mademoiselle Révéda," is concluded. We turn away from the reading of it with much the same feelings as those which her other stories roused. One must admit that the story is interesting, that the dialogue is of unusual excellence, and that the author evidently has sharp insight into the characters of the men and particularly of the women about her; but when we have read one of her stories we feel a vague disgust with the cynical treatment of character and motives, "we have a bad taste in the mouth" as some one crudely said. Moreover there are defects in style, a too-frequent use of French phrases and an occasional descriptive passage that is dangerously near the theatrical.

The illustrated paper on "The Portraits of John Ruskin," which opens the February number of *The Magazine of Art*, is certainly an appropriate one for an art magazine. There are portraits of the famous art critic from the youthful age of three and a half years to his middle age. A reproduction of Sir J. E. Millais' portrait of Ruskin is the frontispiece of this number. A valuable paper for art students is "The Proper Mode and Study of Drawing," by W. Holman Hunt, who illustrates his own paper. Harry Furniss' amusing paper on "The Illustrating of Books" from "the Humorous Artist's Point of View," is more interesting to us laymen. "Beloeir Castle and its History" will interest many readers. Frederick Wedmore contributes an article on "Alfred Hunt, the Popular English Painter." Reproductions of four of Mr. Hunt's most characteristic paintings serve to illustrate the paper.

One criticism that the *NASSAU LIT.* has met since it has been conducted by the present Board of Editors is a just one. It has been said that the *LIT.*'s stories have been marked by a general sombreness of color—in fact, more than one has been called morbid. We determined that at least one number should escape this criticism, and, as a result of special

effort, there was no death in the fiction of the January *LIT.* Now we hear that the stories of that number were, if anything, below the average in interest. We do not wish to offer any excuse. We wish simply to give what seems to us the reason for the state of affairs indicated. It is simple enough. It is more easy for a young writer—or an old one either, for that matter—to write in a pathetic vein, and yet write naturally, than to write something happier and brighter, which is possible in plot and situations, and which escapes the charge of buffoonery. It simplifies matters so much, it makes the story so complete to end it with death. Nevertheless, we hope that, in the future, our contributors will not kill any more characters than it is absolutely necessary.

The *Amherst Lit.* has an amusing story, "The Comedy of a Box," which, if it were not so crude, would disprove what we have just said, and would go to show that the amateur can write a successful "happy" story. The very next story, "Jim's Luck," illustrates our statement. It concludes thus: "Six months later a man was shot mortally in a drunken brawl at Salt Springs. As they carried him out, he opened his eyes and whispered, 'Jennie—I was—coming—but it was only fool's—gold!'"

It is strange how the merit of college verse, taken as a whole, varies from month to month. There is very little worth saving this month. We give you the best we can find:

PAST PRIME.

I judge by this quiescence I am old :
 I watch the dark damp shadows 'neath the hill
 At eventide calmly ; without a thrill
 I see the glory of the sunset rolled
 Up to the zenith ; crimson heaped on gold
 Moves not my heart so still, so deadly still ;
 Nor those last notes the tender thrushes trill
 To reassure their mates while shades infold
 The sombre earth. Then when the crickets sing
 In multitudes their simple songs that show
 The little lives beside the great, they bring
 No longings as they used ; while to and fro
 The winds of autumn in the tree-tops swing
 But have no voice—and I am old I know.

—Trinity Tablet.

SNOW-BOUND.

There is a stillness where the shadows glide
 Across the face of the new-fallen snow ;
 The pilgrim winds have found their rest beside
 The ancient forest bending dark and low
 Under its burden. Each ice-shackled tree
 Lifts to the moon its branches gaunt and bare
 As if to ask her blessing ; silently
 Beneath its icy tomb the river there
 Glideth away to where the ocean calls
 And moans forever in his cavern-halls.

—Yale Lit.

BUCCANEER DRINKING SONG.

Re-echo now, you solemn dunes,
The lover sighing doleful tunes,
The withered hag who sits and croons,
The merchant mourning lost doubloons.
Vita misera.

Leave to priests their beads and masses,
Seize the bright to-day that passes.
Here's a health to wives and lasses,
Come, my bullies, clink your glasses.
Vita beata.

Sing the maiden's eye that flashes
'Neath the shadow of its lashes.
Drink the wine, you old moustaches,
Man is made of dust and ashes.
Vita misera.

—*Williams Lit.*

TIRED.

And so you have brought her roses,
And violets just in bloom,
And lilies white as her face to-night,
To put in the darkened room.
She said no word as she fell asleep,
With her hands cross'd on her breast,
For oh! she was tired, tired,
And longed to be at rest.

She waited so long for you, Jack,
And yet you never came.
Your absence broke her heart, Jack,
But *you* she'd never blame.
She said, "My Love will aye be true
And all his pledges keep,
But I'm tired, oh! so tired,"
And sighing, she fell asleep.

And now you've come too late, Jack,
And the final struggle is o'er.
A weary soul and a worn-out frame
Are weary and worn no more.
She passed away like a tired child
That has played all the afternoon,
And is lulled to sleep by the whispering woods,
And the flowers, and the brooklet's croon.

* * * * *

So we'll put this rose in her hair, Jack,
And the violets here in her hand,
And when she awakes from her tired sleep,
Their meaning she'll understand.
She'll know that her Love *was* always true,
And every pledge *did* keep,
But her heart was tired, tired,
So hush! we'll let her sleep.

—*The Varsity (Univ. of Toronto).*

BOOK REVIEWS.

MURVALE EASTMAN; CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST. BY ALBION W. TOURGÉE. \$1.50. (NEW YORK: FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT.)

A new book by Tourgée is an event. Who has not been stirred as he read those that went before? They were the true American historical novels, dealing with periods of vivid interest—the periods of Anti-slavery Agitation, the Great War, and Reconstruction. Judge Tourgée likes to handle questions of practical importance; he likes to teach without being didactic, and it is not surprising that he has entered the new field offered by questions of labor and capital, of the adjustment of social relations. We are in a transition period. We are all beginning to realize it, and we look with hope or with dread to the future of society. Tourgée shows the way out, as he sees it. He is not radical; he sees the solution of the social question in the application of real Christianity to the present strained relations. He has faith in the old impulse that turned the world upside-down eighteen hundred years ago. "Bearing one another's burdens" is the text, but it is not the text of a sermon. It is a powerful novel, with plenty of movement, with live characters of genuine type, and with a pervading character of hopefulness and wholeness. We will not sketch the plot nor will we discuss the various men and women of the book. The central character, "the hero" as we conventionally say, is Murvale Eastman, the manly, noble-hearted, resolute young pastor of "The Church of the Golden Lilies," who is without suspicion of cant, who reduces his Christianity to practice in actual life and thus sees beyond the four walls of his own study. Perhaps Tourgée is too much of an optimist as he looks into the future; perhaps he is over-cautious and does not acknowledge the need of a more heroic remedy than the one he offers; but he will, at least, set men to thinking.

ESSAYS IN PHILOSOPHY, OLD AND NEW. BY WILLIAM KNIGHT. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.)

This little volume is a reprint of a few essays which were destroyed by fire in their original form, together with a number of others. There is an interesting paper on "Metempsychosis," in which Mr. Knight attempts to show that the preëxistence and the immortality of the soul are twin ideas, in close speculative alliance, and to show how the former casts light on the latter. However one may be inclined towards these

conclusions, Mr. Knight's attempt to reach a synthetic view is exceedingly interesting and suggestive. In the third essay and part of the fifth, the theory of evolution is discussed. Mr. Knight has much of value to say here, and his position is one in harmony with the philosophy of Princeton. "I do not deny," he says, "the evolution of intellectual and moral ideas. I only deny that their evolution can explain their origin. Every valid theory of derivation must start with the assumption of a derivative source, or it performs the feat of educing something out of nothing; nay, of developing everything out of nonentity. * * * Whatever is subsequently evolved must have been originally involved." Mr. Knight is a clear and fearless thinker, and is inclined to view philosophy from the eclectic standpoint.

THE BEST LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

EDITED BY OCTAVE THANET. \$1.00. (CHICAGO: A. C. McCLURG & COMPANY).

This volume is one of the series of "Laurel Crowned Letters." Such a series would certainly be incomplete without the letters of Lady Montagu. They give such an interesting view of the character of this brilliant, dangerous, eccentric woman, and they draw such a faithful picture of the manners of that artificial English society of the Eighteenth Century, that they well deserve reading. That the Lady Mary herself had an adequate notion of their value is shown by her saying "Save my letters forty years and they will be as good as Madame de Sévigné's." In the fashion of the time the fascinating Lady Montagu had many lovers and in her own fashion she always kept a supply of foes. That she used her biting wit upon them with telling effect many could testify and none more truthfully than Alexander Pope. The editor has shown good taste in the selections of the letters, and has prefaced them with a dedicatory letter to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, which would have done credit to that lady herself in its pungency. We quote a characteristic sentence: "I shall use a freedom allowable only to a shade, and quite indefensible to a lady of quality; but then you have been a shade so much longer than you were a lady of quality."

OPEN SESAME! EDITED BY BLANCHE WILDER BELLAMY MAUD AND WILDER GOODWIN. VOL. II. (BOSTON: GINN & COMPANY.)

The purpose of the three volumes in this series is to provide a compact compilation of noted verse and prose that may serve for easy memorizing. We commend the results. The second volume is especially attractive, as it presents selections of a heroic nature. The editors have divided this book into five sections, Loyalty and Heroism, Sentiment and Story, Song and Laughter, Nature, and Poems appropriate to Holli-

days and Holy Days. Many of the best classics of English literature and representative translations from other tongues have been made to do service to the editors' purpose. The selections are not long and for that reason invite the younger student's attention. We are glad to perceive a developing tendency among youthful scholars to familiarize themselves with the best verse and prose of England's and America's authors. It speaks well for the future of American literature that the coming generations are preparing to imitate, perhaps surpass the old, instead of being content with the superficialities that satisfied so many tastes in days gone by. And besides this literary influence, there is a certain keen enjoyment in having at one's tongue's end, quotations of such excellence. It relieves the monotony of social conversation, creates a liking for the pure and noble, and altogether renders life more brightly shaded. We cannot say enough in praise of every effort made to strengthen this tendency. The eclectic work before us presents that very aim. We extend to it a hearty welcome.

LYRICS. BY JOSEPH HUDSON YOUNG. \$1.00. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: FUNK & WAGNALLS.)

Another longing soul has tried the Muses' power in verses that speak of love, adventure and mythic heroism. Topics in great profusion and varieties meet us here. It is now the amorous ode that sparkles with the lover's intensity, as the poet regrets "A Dead Love," or in the same melancholy strain pours forth his soul in a lament "Forever and Forever," or perhaps breaks from these gloomy and saddening thoughts to picture "My Lover True." But the poems are not all love-dreams. The poet strikes a vibrating chord of natural sentiment in his odes to the months, written in sonnet form. The best is the one dedicated to February. And again he invokes the seasons. He seems here to have gotten out of the reach of rhyme; he soars aloft in poetic rapture, "lost," he admits, "in a luminous sense of existence." He inclines here to the "supra-artistic." We confess we would rather stay on the earth a little longer. But anon he tries a style more patriotic and here succeeds better. The hymn to "Liberty" is one of the best productions, especially the latter division. He writes in verse resembling sometimes that in which Tennyson wrote his "Light Brigade" and sometimes the measure of "God Save the Queen." We cannot mention all varieties of his style and verse. A single reference more will be sufficient for our purpose. "Remembrance" embodies, to our mind, the highest conception of this poet's soul—perhaps of all world-poets. Here he is at his best. Forgetful now of the pedantic phrases and *thought-less* words that add only stilted and labored expression to his speech, he has touched the "dying tone that vibrates in the aching heart alone" and awakes responsive echoes in his readers. We could well afford the publication of the whole book for this one poem.

A WEB OF GOLD. BY KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS. (NEW YORK: T. Y. CROWELL & COMPANY.)

It is a significant fact that the Socialist propaganda has entered the domain of fiction, and that novels filled with the Socialist idea are widely read. We cannot shut our eyes to the prevalent dissatisfaction with existing social conditions—a dissatisfaction not vague and fitful, but marked by direction and purpose. One may nowadays avow himself a Socialist, and yet not be ostracised. "A Web of Gold" is not a polemic, with more or less skillfully inserted argument for Socialism, nor is it a Utopia like Bellamy's book. It is a novel in the generally accepted sense of the word, and it does not belong to the School of Modern Realism. It abounds in "situations" of the good, old-fashioned kind; of which the cyclone and its important results upon the story are an instance of this. At times the story is rather melodramatic, but its interest is beyond question. The bright and the dark sides of the present system are pictured. An Anarchist organization is an important feature, and a glimpse is given of an advanced Workingmen's Order. There are a number of interesting characters. The bright and wholesome Theo. King, just out of college; the radical girl-thinker, Molly Maitland, and Pat Harding, with his exaggerated brogue, are especially winning. Nat Hazard, the representative of the trust, is overdrawn, and Agatha Godfrey is too angelic for most of us mortals. The best study is Félice St. André. The author of this novel first attracted attention by her "Wetzerott, Shoemaker," and has by no means exhausted her special field in the book before us.

THE STRANGE FRIEND OF TITO GIL. BY PEDRO A. DE ALARCÁN.
TRANSLATED BY MRS. F. J. A. DARR. (NEW YORK: A. LOVELL & Co.)

The Spanish story of Tito Gil is decidedly sepulchral in its tones. Death, who enters in the early part of the tale, throws about himself his darkening shadow and imparts its baleful influence to Tito Gil's life. There is hardly a plot perceptible. An inherited misery, a sudden love conceived at first sight, bestowed, however, on one of society's favorites, a rapid rise to power and affluence through his "Friend's" generosity, finally a fall as sudden, tell the story complete. We are led into regions supermundane and evil, from which come whiffs of gross fatalism and conspiracy. It is too unnatural for American realism. Even the occasional introduction of Elena cannot rid us of this spiritual harbinger of evil. The justification of the tale lies, of course, in its historical significance. It deals with the events that accompanied the abdication of Philip V and the death of Louis I of Spain. The writer may have been aiming some hidden thrusts of satire in his grim and spectral depictions. We shudder and revolt, and shall do so until we can perceive a vindictory purpose. Of all the novels of de Alarcán, Tito Gil has proved most

popular, for notwithstanding the defects which we have considered (that is, defects from an American standpoint), there is a certain intensity of emotion and a grim defiance of fate which catch and hold popular attention. These have been admirably reproduced by Mrs. Darr in her graceful and lithesome style. Her large acquaintance with Spanish idiom and literature warrants the freedom with which she has translated the tale.

GOOD-NIGHT POETRY [BEDSIDE POETRY]. A PARENT'S ASSISTANT IN MORAL DISCIPLINE. COMPILED BY WILLIAM P. GARRISON. (BOSTON: GINN & COMPANY.)

The object of this book is to assist parents in the moral discipline of their children. "To ground the youth in principle," he says, "demands not only all the inherited virtue of the remotest generations of man, but all the appliances which the highest enlightenment of the present day can devise." Mr. Garrison's idea is that as children are retiring the mother has an opportunity to instill moral principles, which should not be neglected, and to avoid sermonizing, he believes the best plan is to present the morals in verse. Whatever may be the merit of his plan, he has published a judiciously selected collection of brief verse, and with it an index to the moral lessons taught.

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR. BY JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D. (NEW YORK: JOHN WILEY & SONS.)

We have before us a volume from a new edition of Ruskin's works, and a neat and fitting volume it is. We like to see old friends in new bindings. It proves that the world has not tired of them. What need is there for criticism of this book? It would be mere presumption to try to add something to the things that have been said in the past regarding the works of the word-painter, John Ruskin, the critic who put his heart into his criticism. Ruskin has opened our eyes to the beautiful, and has helped on the day when the world shall have the "sweetness and light" which Matthew Arnold found so sadly lacking in this Philistine age. One reads with sadness in the preface to this book—preface written in 1869—"My days and strength have lately been much broken." Poor Ruskin! He has lived almost a quarter of a century since writing those words, and now, indeed, his days and strength are broken, and he sits alone with an affliction in which all the world's sympathy cannot help him. The strings of his golden harp are broken.

PAULINE. BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE. 50c. (NEW YORK: UNITED STATES BOOK COMPANY.)

This book contains three stories, the first and longest of which gives the title to the volume. Julian Hawthorne has no claim to the rank of

a great writer, but his short stories are undeniably interesting. His art is rather meretricious; he understands the French trick of using that element of the *riqué* that makes novels sell. He writes distinctively as a "man of the world." Of the stories in this book, "The Countess's Ruby" is the happiest in treatment. The idea is a novel one, of giving a description of two characters in the opening chapter and then having one of them, whose portrait had been drawn in rather a scornful way, confess that it is he that is telling the story. There are no boys in these stories; Mr. Hawthorne chooses men over thirty as his heroes. There is a certain similarity without sameness in the heroines, but the author gives us pictures of very fascinating women. These stories illustrate a current fad in one particular, two of them have *artists* for heroes. Glance at the magazine fiction of the last six months and see how many artist-heroes there are nowadays.

BASIL AND ANNETTE. BY B. L. FARJEON. 50c. (NEW YORK: UNITED STATES BOOK COMPANY.)

The plot of this novel centers around a firm, straightforward and unsuspicious character. His nature is so pure and open that a man, his exact double physically, but his exact opposite morally, is easily enabled to wheedle himself into the entire confidence of the hero of the story. They are partners for six years in the gold fields of Australia, and we are given a vivid and graphic account of life and customs in that wonderful continent. At the end of this time the villain abruptly starts for England, leaving his deluded companion for dead at the bottom of a deep shaft. By a succession of clever forgeries, aided by his likeness to the deceased, he is able to take possession of a fortune belonging to his wronged partner. But he is at last brought to bay by his intended victim, who had barely escaped the ranks of the majority. Besides this main plot, there is another only second to it in dramatic interest. The villain in this is the uncle and guardian of an orphan heiress. The uncle manages her fortune with profit to himself and deceit to her, but is brought to account along with the would-be murderer, whom he had found to be a congenial acquaintance. The stages by which one is led up to the final scene where the hero and heroine, after many trials and long years of excruciating mental torture, appear as man and wife, are exquisitely drawn.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS. AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRE-HISTORIC ETHNOLOGY AND CIVILIZATION OF EUROPE. BY ISAAC TAYLOR, M.A., LITT. D. TWO DOUBLE NUMBERS (130 and 131) OF THE HUMBOLDT LIBRARY. PRICE, 30 CENTS EACH. (THE HUMBOLDT PUBLISHING CO., 28 LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.)

The last ten years have seen a revolution in the opinion of scholars as to the region in which the Aryan race originated, and theories which

not long ago were universally accepted as the well-established conclusions of science, now hardly find a defender. The theory of migration from Asia has been displaced by a new theory of origin in Northern Europe. In Germany several works have been devoted to the subject, but this is the first English work which has yet appeared embodying the results recently arrived at by philologists, archaeologists, and anthropologists. This volume affords a fresh and highly interesting account of the present state of speculation on a highly interesting subject.

The publishers are to be congratulated on the new cover, which is truly artistic and durable.